

The AMOROUS
HISTORY
OF THE
GAULS.
Containing The
Intrigues *and* Gallantries
OF THE
COURT of *FRANCE*,
During the REIGN of
LOUIS XIV.

Written in *French* by
ROGER de RABUTIN, Count de Bussy.

And now Translated into *English*.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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near *Horsely-Down*. 1727.

HISTORY

OF THE

CONSTITUTION OF THE
UNITED STATES

BY
JAMES MADISON

WITH
AN
INTRODUCTION
BY
JAMES MADISON

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY
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TO HIS GRACE
THE
Duke of CHANDOIS.

MY LORD,

IT is not the vanity of setting a Great Name in the front of the following sheets (the small share I have in the consequences of them, and the Care I have taken to conceal my self, will, I hope, secure me from any such imputation) nor the hopes of taking sanctuary under it, that have encourag'd me to prefix that of YOUR GRACE to this Translation. A bad book, whatever writers may think, is a disgrace both to

the Patron and to the Author ; if it be read, no name can screen it from the judgment of the discerning ; and if it be not, it were as well without any.

Motives very different from these have occasion'd YOUR GRACE this trouble. The Translator, in his lifetime, often assur'd me, that not only his abilities to accomplish this Work, but every other blessing he enjoy'd, were the effects of YOUR GRACE's great Goodness and Generosity. To whom then can it so properly be address'd as to YOUR GRACE, in some measure its Author ? Since those Abilities, and that noble emulation so natural to an ingenuous mind, that gave rise to his endeavours, as well as that ingenuous mind it self, were the necessary fruits of YOUR GRACE'S

GRACE'S Favour and Beneficence.

I must beg leave to add another motive, more properly belonging to myself; and I hope YOUR GRACE will not think ill of one, who whilst he is complying with the will of the dead, is at the same time desirous of joining his feeble voice to that of your Country, which unanimously proclaims YOUR GRACE its Delight and Admiration.

Tho' Merit be not confined to a few, yet there is generally such a counterpoise of ill qualities in its possessors, that it is a rare thing to find praise go sincere, and unattended with censure. But YOUR GRACE has nothing to fear from that side.

It is your peculiar Felicity, MY LORD, to have all the Talents requisite for shining in life, and to exercise them so justly, as to command the Applause and good Wishes of all the world, without any danger of being call'd upon to pay that tax, which sooner or later most men are oblig'd to pay for being eminent.

I am not insensible how presumptuous it would be in me to attempt YOUR GRACE'S Character: The aversion that Great minds feel at bearing their own Praises, and the difficulty of doing justice to extraordinary Merit, are considerations that stop me short on a Subject which all the world dwells on with pleasure. Tho' the latter alone is sufficient to deter almost any one from attempting it.

Not

Not that the difficulty of relating facts is insuperable. I could mention YOUR GRACE passing thro' the highest and most important scenes with such a justness, as to be admir'd and bless'd whilst in them, and esteem'd and regretted when out of them. I could mention that Grandeur of Soul soften'd by the sweetest Temper and politest Manners to all whom fortune has placed in the nearest Stations of life to YOUR GRACE; and that resistless Affability and Condescension to inferiours, which make them rejoice in YOUR GRACE's Superiority, and wish You (if possible) an addition of Honours. I could mention that Delicacy of Wit, that uncommon Penetration, that Depth of

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Judg-

Judgment, and Felicity of Expression, that prodigious insight into all parts of Learning, and at the same time that Generosity and Encouragement to the learned, and to all that endeavour to deserve well, together with the train of amiable domestic Virtues, that help to gild and adorn YOUR GRACE's private life, and render the Honours, Ease, and Affluence of fortune You enjoy, truly ornamental to Your self, and YOUR GRACE an Honour to your Country.

These Excellencies are mention'd with ease; a fruitful field to a very barren Genius! - But to set them in the same bright strong point of light, wherein YOUR GRACE produces them to the world, were
to

to imitate what is inimitable, were to be master of that Beauty and Delicacy that run thro' the whole series of YOUR GRACE's Actions, and so peculiarly distinguish the DUKE OF CHANDOIS from all mankind: Yet the one and the other are to be wish'd, rather than endeavour'd at, Blessings heard of once perhaps in many years, I might say ages, and then gazed at as Prodigies.

To some other then be the Honour of transmitting YOUR GRACE's Actions to Posterity in their full Glory: It is enough for me, transported with the contemplation of an Assemblage of such illustrious Qualities, silently and at a distance to

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*express those Sentiments of Admi-
ration, Respect, and Zeal wherewith
I have the Honour to be,*

MY LORD,

Your Grace's

most devoted

and

most obedient

humble Servant,

The Publisher.

THE



THE
P R E F A C E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

HISTORY and NOVELS are
grown so much the Mode,
and, when well written, are
so agreeable and instructive an En-
tertainment, that the Publisher flat-
ters himself it will not be thought a
presumption in him to imagine he is
making the Reader an acceptable
Pre-

To the Reader.

Present in the following Translation. The Original has been the Delight of the gay, the witty, the polite, and the learned, for above half a Century. Indeed every thing of the Count *de Buffy* deserves applause, and has had it; but his *Amorous History of the GAULS*, as well for the Subject as the Thoughts and Stile, has been universally admir'd; that sprightly Turn, that genteel Freedom, that courtly Address, that admirable Simplicity and Delicacy running thro' the whole, which distinguishes this Author from the herd, and in every Page discovers the Nobleman, the Wit, and the Scholar, make up the finishing beauties of a work, which would have appear'd low and insipid in a common hand: For the truth of which assertion one need only read a Page or two of those numerous volumes so easie to be found in the Bookseller's Shop. - If this then has not lost too much in the Translation, the Publisher once more hopes it may be entitled to a share of the same
Fa-

To the Reader.

Favour and good Fortune with the English Reader.

Yet whatever may be the merit of the Original, the common method of Translating (*making English, or doing into English*, according to the modern phrase) may justly put the Reader upon doubting whether the Translation be worth his reading over.

It must be own'd that Translation was never more abused: 'Tis common to see the finest pieces mutilated, either by the Caprice, ill Judgment, Stupidity, or little Learning of Translators, to such a degree, that were it not impossible wholly to deprive a fine Writer of his beauties, and annihilate them, the greatest part of Translations would be intolerable. This may be seen by the *Classics*, which like Gold, tho' in the basest alloy, will however still retain something of its primitive beauty and intrinsic value.

The

To the Reader.

The first Qualification of a Translator is by no means any of the most easie or despicable, *viz.* that of understanding the Language he translates from, and that he translates into; and yet this is but the ground-work, and is to be suppos'd rather than requir'd. But besides this, when he must acquire the very Spirit of his Original, if he has it not naturally, when he must enter into the Soul, and trace the very Ideas of the Author arising in the same train as he compos'd it; when he must give us not only the Sense, but the same manner of Stile, turn of Expression, and number of Periods; I say, the business of Translating will not be found so very easie or mean a Task.

Instead of this

Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.

Translation, that Handmaid of the Muses is nothing less than her self:
She

To the Reader.

She is now become the Companion and Prostitute of every miserable Creature that wants a meal, and has the least smattering of Language. By the help of *Littleton*, *Boyer*, or some other Dictionary, he gives you the words of an Author, as far as he understands, or thinks he understands them, and adds, diminishes, transposes, and does any thing else but translate the rest; all the while trampling under foot that eternal Rule, *Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat*; which is equally the Standard of History and of Translation, doing a double Injury both to his Reader and his Author, at the same time imposing upon them both, by making the one say what he never thought, and the other believe it.

But it is hoped there will be no occasion for Complaints of this sort here. The present Translation was the Work of a young Gentleman that wanted neither Genius, Judgment, nor Application, who had
made

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To the Reader.

made the Knowledge of the learned and modern Tongues the foundation only for more solid acquisitions, besides conversing with the best Company almost all over *Europe*, tho' Death prevented his revising or even finishing it. Nor can we learn that he ever design'd it for the Press. But this Defect, together with the Translation of the two last Stories, have been supply'd by a Gentleman deservedly esteem'd for so many other superiour good Qualities, that were it not to discharge part of our Debt by this public Acknowledgment of our Obligations, it would be an Injury to mention him on this occasion.

The Reader will not, we hope, be disappointed at finding some pieces of French Poetry interspers'd here and there throughout this Work, when we assure him they were so inserted in the Translator's Manuscript; whether thus to remain, or to be afterwards translated into Verse,
we

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To the Reader.

we cannot determine; tho' we are inclin'd to believe the former, there being no spaces left for a translation. We have therefore pursued what seem'd to be his Design, but for the Reader's satisfaction have endeavour'd to give him the Sense of them in Prose at the foot of each Page where they occur, except in one or two of them.

The Bookseller too thought it improper to insert the Hymn, *pag.* 189, which was the Occasion of dropping two Pages, it having been printed at first; for which Omissions we beg the Reader to accept this reason (amongst others) that there are some kinds of Writing, which tho' extremely taking in one Language or Country, may however be very offensive and intolerable in another.

And that no Entertainment might be wanting which was in our power, we have here subjoin'd the few Particulars we were able to collect,
(chiefly

To the Reader.

(chiefly from *Moreri* and *Bayle*) relating to the Life and Writings of the Author, together with his own Apology for this Piece, written by a Nobleman his particular Friend.

ROGER de RABUTIN Count de Bussy, was descended of an ancient and noble Family originally of *Burgundy*: He was born on *Good-friday* the 3d of *April* 1618, at *Epiri*, an old Seat of the Family. He had two Brothers elder than himself, and two younger, who all died at different times, and left him the only Son. He had a liberal Education, and was of so pregnant a Genius, that at twelve Years of age he was thought qualified to enter upon Philosophy, without going through the previous course of Rhetoric, as is usual. When he had compleated his Studies, his Father gave him the first Company of his own Regiment, and in 1634
sent

To the Reader.

sent him to the Siege of *la Motte* in *Lorraine*. Four Years after, he was made Colonel of Foot, on his Father's surrender. In 1653 the Count *de Paluau* being made a Maréchal of *France* by the Name of *Clerembaut*, dispos'd of his Post of Colonel of the Light-Horse in favour of the Count *de Buffy*, who had obtain'd the King's Preference, and paid 90000 Crowns for it. The next Year he was made a Lieutenant-General, and appear'd afterwards with distinction at the Siege of *Landrecy*, under Maréchal *Turenne*, and at that of *Dunkirk*, where he commanded the Horse.

His Misfortunes began in 1659, and continued a great part of his Life. A Party of Pleasure at *Roissy*, about four leagues from *Paris*, which he happen'd to be engag'd in the latter end of *Passion-week*, drew on him an Order from the King to retire to his Seat in *Burgundy*, and not to stir from thence 'till farther Order,

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To the Reader.

der, which he receiv'd the *November* following.

In 1663 he had the first intimation that a Manuscript of the Work we now present the Public with, which he had lent a Lady of his acquaintance, was got abroad contrary to his intention: His Enemies laid hold on this Opportunity to perswade the World he had written against the first Persons of the Court; whereupon he was by an Order from thence put under Arrest 17 *April* 1665, and a few days after examin'd in the *Bastille* by the Lieutenant-Criminal *Tardieu*. The Queen-Mother, who had been the most active and pressing with the King for the Count's Imprisonment, obtain'd his Majesty's Permission for him to see Father *Nouet* whenever he pleas'd, by whose means the Count receiv'd Letters from his Wife, and Pen, Ink, and Paper to answer them, and to write a beginning of *Lewis* the XIV's Life. On *Wednesday* the
2d

To the Reader.

2d of *December* his Lady, who had Leave to visit him, brought him an Order to dispose of his Charge; and three days after he learnt from *Monsieur de Louvois*, that the King intended it for *Monsieur de Coislin*, at the rate of 252000 Livres, which was what his Majesty had been told it cost him, tho' in reality he gave 270000 for it. The 17th of *May*, 1666, *Monsieur de Buffy* being then very ill, the Governor of the *Bastille* had Orders from the King, on the Report of his Majesty's chief Physician and Surgeon, to put him into *Dalencé's* hands and care, who was to see him forth-coming upon his recovery. The 10th of *August* following *Dalencé* was discharg'd of the Count *de Buffy's* Person, who had Leave to go to his Country Seat.

It was this Circumstance no doubt that gave *Monsieur Patin*, who made no scruple of diverting his Friends sometimes at the expence of Truth, an Occasion of writing the following
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To the Reader.

Passage in one of his Letters * ;
“ Monsieur de Buffy Rabutin, who
“ has dispos’d of his Post, and is
“ discharg’d from the *Bastille*, where
“ he has been for some time, has
“ been sent to the *petites Maisons*,
“ where the mad People are kept.

The most admir’d of his Works,
and what has gain’d him the greatest Applause, is his *Amorous History of the GAULS*, of which we shall here give no farther Commendation, but leave the Reader to make his own Judgment.

Besides the abovemention’d Disgrace, which the writing of this Book, aggravated by the Malice of his Enemies, occasion’d him, it drew on him the Resentments of Monsieur Menage,

* *Patin*, Lett. N° 388. V. 3. p. 154. Edit. *Cologn*. 1691.

To the Reader.

nage; who was highly offended at the Liberty Buffy had taken with him in relation to † Madam de Servigny; tho' the Injury (says Mr. Bayle) lay not so much in the four or five first words as in the Contempt he makes that Lady treat him with: But he sufficiently reveng'd himself by the following Epigram, than which scarce any thing more cruelly injurious could be imagin'd.

[Aulâ

Francorum proceres, mediâ (quis credat?) in

Buffiades scripto laferat horribili.

Pœna levis: Lodoix nebulonem carcere claudens

Detrahit indigno munus equestre duci.

Sic nebulo gladiis quos formidabat Iberis;

Quos meruit, Francis fustibus eripitur.

However, the Reader will see by and by that *Menage* was no irreconcilable Enemy. The

† Pag. 210. of the following History.

To the Reader.

The King having receiv'd Information that this History was printing in *Holland*, sent *Charles Patin* (Son to the Author already cited) thither to buy up the whole Impression, in order to suppress it effectually: But when *Patin* had got the Copies into his hands, and brought them to *Paris*, instead of destroying them according to the King's Orders, he sold a great number of them privately at an extravagant rate, and gain'd a considerable Sum of Money by his contraband Traffic. This coming at last to the King's Ear, *France* grew too warm a Scene for him, and he was forced to flie to *Nimeguen*, which Place being soon after invested and taken by the King's Forces, *Patin* narrowly escap'd falling into their hands, but at last in the Disguise of a Soldier marched out with the Garrison, and retir'd to *Italy*, where he was made Physic-Professor at *Padua*. For this last piece of History we are oblig'd to Mr. *Des Maizeaux* (already so well

To the Reader.

well known, and so much esteem'd in the learned World) to whom we could not but make this Acknowledgment, as well for our selves as for the Public, whom he has hereby set right in a Passage wherein the incomparable * *Mr. Bayle* seems to have been mistaken.

The other Writings of the Count *de Buffy* are,

His Memoirs in 2 Volumes, publish'd in the Year 1697, which tho' they have not been so lucky as to be generally admir'd, are however commended by *Monf. Bayle* as curious and well written.

His Letters, of which there have been several Impressions, and are sufficiently admir'd not to want any Character here.

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* In his Dictionary Art. *Patin*. Rem. L. last Edition.

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To the Reader.

A Treatise of the Use of Adversity, wherein he endeavours to adapt the History of his own Life to the Instruction of his Children. It is a little Book (says Monsieur *Bayle*) abounding with good Morality and Religion.

A Petition in Verse to the King, on behalf of three Lovers that were Prisoners in the *Bastille*; with some other gallant Pieces written in his Confinement.

Besides these, which were own'd by the Count *de Buffy*, he has (such is the Fortune of most ingenious Men) had two others father'd upon him, tho' methinks a very moderate share of Judgment may discover them to be spurious and unworthy our Author. One of them is a History of *Lewis XIV*, so full of Falshood and Mistakes, and those so very notorious, that whoever took the pains to write it, must have
taken

To the Reader.

taken none at all to consider what he was writing.

The other is a small Piece entitled *Le Palais Royal*, or *Les Amours de Madame la Valiere*, one of the late King's Mistresses; but the great difference between it and our History ought surely to clear him from that Accusation, even tho' he had not * formally deny'd having had any hand in it, which however he has done. But when besides the many Excellencies already mention'd in the beginning of this Preface, which he possess'd in so high a degree as to have gain'd the Name of the *Petronius of his Age*, I say, when to these we add his own Declaration; the World must confess their Ignorance, or retract this unreasonable Calumny.

We shall conclude this imperfect Account with the Character of the
a 2 Count

* In his Letter to the Duke de *St. Agnan* immediately following.

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To the Reader.

Count *de Buffy* as an Author, given by *Menage*, who, after what has already been related, cannot be suppos'd to have flatter'd him : “ Mon-
“ *sieur de Buffy Rabutin* is a Man of
“ fine Sense, and as solid Under-
“ standing. I cannot help doing
“ him this Justice, notwithstanding
“ his ill treatment of me in his
“ History of the *Gauls*. It is im-
“ possible to write with more Wit
“ and Fire than he has done in that
“ History.

We must beg the Reader's leave to correct an Error in our Translation, which we were not let into till all the Sheets were printed off; and since it was owing to our Ignorance of a matter of fact, which containing a diverting piece of private History, we hope it will not be disagreeable to the Reader, and shall therefore set them both down together.

To the Reader.

A Lover complaining to his Friend of an unlucky Circumstance that had befallen him, says, *pag. 87*, "*That Part is dead in me by which I have been hitherto a sort of Hercules ; the Original is thus, " par laquelle j'ai été jusques ici une spece de Chancelier ;* verbatim thus, — By "*which I have been a sort of Chancellor.* For the clearing up this Passage, the Reader is to be inform'd that Monsieur *Seguier*, who was then Chancellour of *France*, was hinted at, and who, tho' at that time very old, had a constant Priapism upon him, and kept a Girl in his Family to ease him of that disorder. Something not unlike this has been reported (how truly we know not) of a Reverend Prelate of our own Nation, not long since dead.

We hope there are not many other Mistakes ; we assure him we have
a 3 taken

To the Reader.

taken our utmost Care to prevent them, at least such as may be thought too gross for his Candour to overlook.



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LETTER

FROM THE

Count *de Bussy*

TO THE

Duke *de St. Agnan.*

My Lord,

T- THE Testimony which all People of Honour owe to Truth, to their Friends, and to their own Character, oblige me at this time,

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Letter to the

my Lord, to give you some light into my Conduct, and the Occasion of my Disgrace. You must not expect any Justification from me, I have too much Sincerity to excuse my self when I am in the wrong : The utmost that the Sorrow I feel for my Fault, and my Indignation against my self, will give me leave to do, is not to make my self appear before You more guilty than I really am.

To come to the point then, I am to tell you, my Lord, that it is now Five Years since, not knowing how to divert my self in the Country, where I then was, I verified the Proverb, that Idleness is the Mother of all Vice ; for I sate my self to writing a History, or rather a Satyrical Romance, in reality
with-

Duke de St. Agnan.

without intending to make any ill use of it against the Persons introduced in it, but only to employ my self at that time ; or, at the most, to shew it a few of my most intimate Friends, to please them with it, and to gain some Applause from them for writing well. Yet, however innocent my Intentions were, I still most barbarously treated those that had never offended me, as you will see by the Sequel.

As true Events are never extraordinary enough to give any great Diversion, I had recourse to Invention, which I thought would be more pleasing, and without having the least Compunction for the Injury I was doing the Persons concern'd, because I was doing it as it were

Letter to the

only for my self, I set down a thousand things I had never so much as heard. I made those successful that had never been listned to, and others that had not even thought of being so. And because it had been ridiculous to have made two Women the principal Heroines of my Romance, that had neither Birth nor Merit, I made choice of two, to whom no good Qualities were wanting, nay, who were indeed Mistresses of so many, that Envy might serve to make the ill I said of them the more easily believ'd.

Upon my Return to Paris I read this History to five Ladies of my Acquaintance, one of which pressing me to leave it with her for twice Twenty-four Hours, it
was

Duke de St. Agnan.

was impossible for me to deny her. Indeed, a few days after, I was told it had been seen abroad: I was vex'd at it, and I am positive that she lent it to, and who had got it copied, had done it out of pure Curiosity, without intending me any Harm: But she had the same Weakness for somebody else as I had for her. I immediately went and complain'd to her of it; instead of freely owning her Imprudence to me, and concerting with me the Means of putting some Stop to the evil, she boldly deny'd to me that she had ever taken a Copy of it, affirming it was not public, and if it was, that I must have lent it to others besides her. The Assurance with which she spoke to me, and the inclination I generally

ly

Letter to the

ly have never to think my Friends
in fault, remov'd my Suspicions.

In the mean time, I know not
how she manag'd, but the Noise
this History had made ceased for
some time; after which, a Lady
of her acquaintance, with whom she
had had some Difference, shew'd
me a Copy of the Manuscript which
she had taken from hers. 'Twas
then that my Vexation for having
so often been deceiv'd by one of my
Friends, who thus made me out-
rage two Women of Quality by her
Treachery, made me fly into a
violent Passion with her: And as
one is never so just to one's self
as to suffer the Resentments of
those one has injur'd, without en-
deavouring at revenging one's self,
she

Duke de St. Agnan.

she added or took from the History what she pleas'd, to draw upon me the Hatred of the greatest part of those I had mention'd: And this is so true, that the first Copies of it that were seen were not alier'd; but as soon as the other appear'd, as every body is most pleas'd with the highest Satyr, the true Copies were thought flat, and suppress'd as false.

I do not pretend this as an Excuse; for tho' in Fact I said nothing but what was handsome of those whom this my obliging Friend has abus'd, I am still the cause of that ill she has said of them. Not satisfied with poysoning the History in a great many places, she afterwards made several other entire Stories

Letter to the

ries out of a thousand Particulars she knew of me at the time we were intimate, which she season'd with all the Venom she could possibly think of.

However, as soon as I knew that a History was gotten abroad in my Name, and that my Enemies too had given it the King, tho' I need only have deny'd it, I chose rather to shew His Majesty the Original, and take the real Fault upon my self, than be suspected of one I had never been guilty of. You know, my Lord, that after the King's Progress to Chartres, during which he had read this History, I begg'd you to give His Majesty the Original, written with my own Hand, and bound. He took the pains to
read

Duke de St. Agnan.

read it, and tho' he found a great difference between that and the Copy, he thought however that the Injury I had done two Women of Quality, as well as that I had been the occasion of to others, deserv'd Punishment: He therefore order'd me to be put under Arrest, and thereby giving the Public this Example, he at once satisfied the Resentments of the Persons concern'd, and his own Justice.

My Enemies seeing me in the Bastille, thought that as I was not in a condition to defend my self, they might accuse me with Impunity: They therefore told the King that I had written against him; but His Majesty, who never condemns without hearing, surpriz'd them

Letter to the

them extremely by sending the Lieutenant-Criminal to examine me : Without hesitating one moment, I prepar'd my self to answer before him, and that without offering to make any Protest, not believing, for this reason, that I was the less a Gentleman ; and thinking that I thereby paid his Majesty the more Respect. After he had made me acknowledge the Original of the above-mention'd History of my own Hand-writing, he ask'd me if I had written nothing against the King ? I answer'd, That he surpriz'd me extremely by putting such a Question to such a Man as my self. He told me, he had Orders for so doing : I answer'd therefore No, and that there was no great likelihood that having serv'd Seven and twenty Years
with-

Duke de St. Agnan.

without receiving any Favour at all, and that having since been for twelve Years Colonel of the Light-Horse, and every day expecting some Recompence from his Majesty, that I would be wanting in my Respect to him: That, to destroy that Probability, there should be either my own Hand, or unexceptionable Witnesses: But if the one or the other were produced against me in the least Circumstance contrary to the Respect I ow'd the King and all the Royal Family, I submitted to lose my Life; but I in my turn beg'd his Majesty to order the same Punishment for those that accus'd me without being able to convict me. This I sign'd, and the Lieutenant-Criminal telling me he was carrying it to the King, I desir'd him to inform his Majesty, that

Letter to the

that I most humbly beg'd his Pardon,
for having been so unfortunate as to
offend him.

Having seen neither the Lieutenant-Criminal nor any other Judge, since, I firmly believ'd that so black and ridiculous a Calumny had made no impression on a Mind so penetrating, and so hard to be surpriz'd as the King's.

But, my Lord, nobody so well knows the Falsity of this Accusation as your self; for besides, that you (as well as the rest of the World) see the little Probability there is in it, you have several times been a Witness of the Tenderness (if I may be allow'd the Expression) the profound Respect, the extraordinary Esteem,
and

Duke de St. Agnan.

and even of the Admiration I have
for the King : I have often said to
you, that I saw him every day, that
I studied him, and that he every
day surpriz'd me with the wondrous
Qualities I discover'd in him. You
may remember, my Lord, that one
day, transported by my Zeal, I said
to You, that since the Peace no lon-
ger allow'd me to hazard my Life
in his Service, I would endeavour
to serve him in another manner ;
and as one of Alexander's Captains
had written his Master's Life, it
seem'd but just to me, that one of
the chief Officers of the King's Ar-
mies should write so fine a Life as
his. I desir'd you, my Lord, to ac-
quaint his Majesty with it, and some
time after you told me his Answer,
in which his Modesty surpriz'd me.

After

Letter to the

After this, can I be attack'd for want of Respect to my Master? And do not you think that had my Enemies been acquainted with all the particular Instances I have so often given you of my extraordinary Zeal for his Majesty's Person, and which you have had the Goodness to inform him of, do not you think, I say, they would have sought for other Infirmities in me than this? I do not doubt it, my Lord, but God has confounded their Malice; You will see they have only given me a handsom Opportunity, by writing you this, of putting the King in mind of all those Sentiments you have known me have for his Majesty.

In

Duke de St. Agnan.

In the mean while, my Lord, I wait the Favour of my Liberty with the utmost Resignation to his Pleasure, and am besides so much afflicted for having offended those who never gave me any reason for it, that in case they were not to think my Imprisonment a sufficient Penance, I shall alwaies be ready to do every thing they shall desire of me for their entire Satisfaction, being infinitely oblig'd to them for their Pardon, without taking it ill if otherwise.

I know well there is more Imprudence than Malice in what I have done ; but the Innocence of my Intentions is no Consolation to those whom I have injur'd, since they are
as

Letter to the

as substantially injur'd as if I had design'd it.

What can be said in two words of all this, is, that the Public, at the same time they condemn me, ought to pity me, but that the offended may hate me with reason.

This, my Lord, is what I imagin'd I ought to acquaint you with in relation to my Affairs, to shew you by the free Confession I make of my Fault, and the great Sorrow I have for it, how far I am from committing the like, or from provoking any one without Cause.

But you will better see by the following Argument how much I am perswaded one should never write a-
gainst

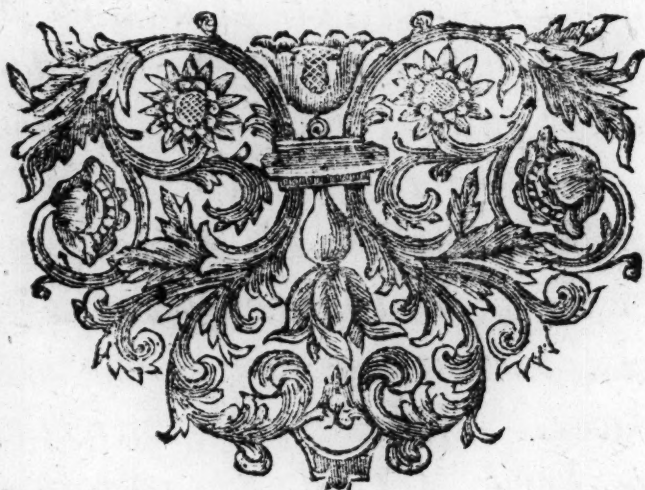
Duke de St. Agnan.

gainst any-body ; for if one writes only for one's self, 'tis no more than thinking ; one should stop there ; and it is much the surest way. If 'tis with design to shew, it will infallibly be known sooner or later : If the thing be injuriously written, it will raise Enemies : It is at least altogether useless if secret, and dangerous if public ; but what I should mention before every thing, is, bringing down the Wrath of God, and of the King ; and this exposes to Quarrels, to Imprisonments, and to Disgraces. If I did not know you well, my Lord, I should be apprehensive that by appearing thus culpable to You, I might lose your Esteem and Friendship, but I am in no pain for that, being perswaded You are not

to

De Buffy's Letter, &c.

to learn that some People are longer
young than others ; and if I have
been one of them, my ill Success and
Punishment ought to convince you I
am much chang'd.



THE



The Amorous
HISTORY
 OF THE
GAULS.



IN the Reign of *Lewis* the 14th
 the War, which lasted above
 Twenty Years, did not hinder
 the making Love sometimes:
 But as the Court was fill'd
 with old insensible Cavaliers,
 or young People born amidst the noise of
 Arms, and whom that Trade had render'd
 brutal, this had made most of the Ladies
 a little less modest than formerly; and

as they must either have languish'd in Idleness, if they had not made Advances, or at least if they had been cruel, many of them were tender-hearted, and some of them impudent.

Madam *d'Olonne* was of the latter sort. She had a round Face, a Nose well made, a small Mouth, sharp sparkling Eyes, and soft Features: Laughing, which adds a Beauty to all the World besides, had quite the contrary Effect in her: Her Hair was of a light Chesnut, her Neck admirable, her Throat, Hands, and Arms well made; her Shape was clumsy, and but for her Face, her Air would not have been pardon'd: This made those who would flatter her say, when she first appear'd, that undoubtedly her Body was well made; which is generally said by those who would excuse Women that are too fat; and yet she was too sincere in this point to leave People in an Error, be better inform'd he that would, 'twas not her Fault that all the World were not undeceiv'd. Madam *d'Olonne's* Wit was lively and pleasant where she was free: She had little Sincerity, was unequal, heedless, but not ill-natur'd: She lov'd Pleasures to a debauch, and was eager even in her least Diversions. Her Beauty, as well as her Wealth, tho' but moderate, oblig'd Monsieur

Monsieur d'Olonne to seek her in Marriage; but
 the Courtship lasted not long, for Monsieur
 d'Olonne, who was a Man of Quality, and
 of a large Fortune, was agreeably receiv'd
 by Mad. d'Olonne's Mother, and had not the
 leisure of sighing for Charms which had,
 for two Years together, been the Desire of
 the whole Court. The Wedding being
 over, those Lovers who were for marry-
 ing retir'd, and others came who were
 only for loving. One of the first was the
 Marquis de Beuvron, who living near Ma-
 dam d'Olonne, could see her with more
 Convenience; and this was the reason he
 lov'd her a good while before the World
 perceiv'd it: And I believe the Amour
 had always been a Secret, had the Mar-
 quis de Beuvron never had any Rivals; but
 the Duke de Candale falling in love with
 Mad. d'Olonne, soon discover'd what had
 been hid for want of People that were in-
 terested. Not that Monsieur d'Olonne did
 not love his Wife, but Husbands grow
 tame, Lovers never do; and the Jealousie
 of the latter is a thousand times more pene-
 trating than that of the former. This then
 made the Duke de Candale see things that
 Monsieur d'Olonne never did, or has seen;
 for he is still to learn that the Marquis
 de Beuvron lov'd his Wife. The Marquis
 de Beuvron's Eyes were black, his Nose

well made, his Mouth small, his Face long, his Hair very black, long, and thick, his Shape fine: He had Wit enough, yet he was not of that sort of People that shine in Conversation, but a Man of good Sense and Honour, tho' naturally he had some Aversion to War.

Being then fallen in love with Madam *d'Olonne*, he sought for the Means of discovering his Passion: The neighbourhood of *Paris* gave him Opportunities enough; but the Levity she discover'd on all Occasions made him afraid of embarking with her. At last finding himself alone with her one day, If I design'd, Madam, said he, only to inform you that I love you, my Services and my Looks have sufficiently told you what I feel for you; but, Madam, as you must one day answer my Passion, it is necessary I should discover it too, and assure you at the same time, that love me or not, I am determin'd to love you all my Life.

The Marquis having ended, I own, answer'd Madam *d'Olonne*, that this is not the first time I have been sensible you loved me; and tho' you never mention'd it to me before, I have however held my self oblig'd to you for what you have done upon my account, from the first Day you saw me; and this must be my Excuse for

for owning that I love you: Esteem me not the less on that account, for 'tis long since I have heard you sigh; and tho' there may be something blameable in the weak resistance I make, it should be an Instance of the force of your Merit, rather than of my Easiness.

After this, one may well imagine the Lady was not long without granting the Cavalier the last Favour; and this continued four or five Months on both sides without any disturbance: But at last Mad. *d'Olonne's* Beauty made too much Noise, and such a Conquest promis'd too much Glory to him that should gain it, to leave the Marquis in Repose; and the Duke *de Candale*, the best made Man in the whole Court, thought nothing was wanting to his Reputation but that. He resolv'd therefore, three months after the Campaign was over, to be in love with her as soon as ever he saw her;— and he made appear, by the strong Passion he afterwards had for her, that Love is not always a random Stroke from Heaven, or from Chance.

The Duke's Eyes were blue and well made, his Features irregular, his Mouth large and disagreeable, but he had very good Teeth; his Hair was of a fair flaxen colour, and in vast quantity; his Shape was

admirable; he dress'd well, and the most genteel strove to imitate him: He had the Air of a Man of Quality, and held one of the first Ranks in *France*, being a Duke and Peer of the Realm: Besides this, he was Governour of the *Gergonians* in chief, and of the *Burgundians* jointly with his Father *Bernard d'Angleterre*, and General of the *Gaulish* Infantry: His Genius was but indifferent, but in his first Amours he fell into the hands of a Lady who had a vast deal of Wit, and as they lov'd each other exceedingly, she had taken so much care to form him, and he to please the fair one, that Art had surpass'd Nature, and he was a much finer Gentleman than a thousand others who had more Wit than he. Being then return'd from the Frontiers of *Spain*, where he had commanded the Army under the Prince, as the King's near Relation, he began to discover to *Madam d'Olonne*, by a thousand Em-pressements, the Love he had for her, thinking she had never yet been in Love; and seeing she made no return to his Passion, he resolv'd at last to acquaint her with it in such a manner, that she could not pretend ignorance of it: But as he entertain'd for all Women a Respect that look'd a little like Bashfulness, he chose rather to write to *Madam d'Olonne* than to speak

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peak to her. This is what he writ to her.

LETTER.

IT vexes me, Madam, that all Declarations of Love should be alike, and that there should be so much difference in Sentiments. I plainly feel that I love You more than the rest of the World is used to love, and I can tell you so but in the same Terms that all the World tells you so: Do not then mind Words that are weak, and may deceive, but reflect on the Measures I intend to keep with you, and if they demonstrate that to continue them always with the same force one must be sensibly touch'd, yield your self to those Demonstrations, and believe that, since I have so strong a Passion for you, not being belov'd by you, I shall adore you when you have oblig'd me to be grateful.

Mad. d'Olonne having receiv'd this Letter, immediately return'd this Answer.

L E T T E R.

IF there be any thing that prevents your being believ'd, when you speak of your Love, 'tis not that it is troublesome to me, but that you speak of it too well: Great Passions generally are told with more Confusion; and methinks you write like a Man who has a great deal of Wit, and is not at all in Love, but would have it believ'd so. And since this is my Thought, who would fain have what you say to be true, judge what others would think, to whom your Passion would seem indifferent; they would not scruple to believe you have a mind to divert your self. As for my self, who am resolv'd never to judge rashly, I accept the Party you offer me, and am resolv'd to judge of your Conduct by the Sentiments you have for me.

This

This Letter, that Judges would have thought very kind, did not seem over-much so to the Duke *de Candale*. As he had a good deal of Vanity, he expected *Douceurs* less mysterious: This prevented his pressing Madam *d'Olonne* so much as she could have wish'd. He neglected his Good Fortune in spite of her, and the matter had hung longer, had not the Fair gain'd upon her Modesty to make him such Advances, that he thought he might attempt every thing with her without exposing himself too much. His Affair being concluded, he soon perceiv'd the Marquis *de Beuvron's* Commerce with her; one that only makes Pretensions seldom does more than look before him, but a Lover well treated looks to the right and left, and is not long without finding out his Rival. Upon this the Duke *de Candale* complains; his Mistress treats him as whimsical and insolent, and reprimands him in so high a Strain, that he asks Pardon, and thinks himself happy in having pleas'd her. This Calm lasted not long; the Marquis *de Beuvron* on his side reproaches her as unsuccessfully as the Duke *de Candale* had done, and seeing he could not destroy his Rival, gives Notice underhand to Monsieur *d'Olonne*, who forbids Madam

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d'Olonne to see him ; that is, redoubles the Passion of these two Lovers, who growing more desirous of seeing each other since their being forbid, contriv'd a thousand ways more convenient than they had before. However, the Marquis remaining Master of the Field of Battel, the Duke renews his Complaints against him: He makes fresh Efforts to drive him away, but in vain ; Madam *d'Olonne* tells him, he considers his own Interest only, nor cares if he ruin her, since if she forbid the Marquis to see her, her Husband and the rest of the World would not doubt of the Sacrifice. Madam *d'Olonne*, who did not love the Marquis so well as the Duke, had no mind however to lose him, as well because one and one make two, as because Coquets think they hold their Lovers faster by a little Jealousie than by a perfect Tranquility.

During these Transactions, Monf. *Paget*, a Man pretty old, of a mean Birth, but very rich, fell in love with Mad. *d'Olonne*, and having discover'd that she lov'd Play, he thought his Money would supply the place of Merit, and grounded his best Hopes upon the Sum he intended to offer her: He was intimate enough with her to speak to her himself if he had dared, but he had not the Assurance to make her

a Speech, which might have such unlucky Consequences, in case it were not well receiv'd; he resolv'd therefore to write, and sent her the following

LETTER.

I Have often lov'd in my Life, Madam, but never lov'd any thing so much as you: What makes me think so, is, that I never gave any of my Mistresses above a hundred Pistoles for their good Graces; but for Yours I would go as far as Two thousand. Think upon it, I beg you, and consider that Money is much scarcer than ever.

Quinette, Madam d'Olonne's Woman and Confidant, gave her this Letter from Monsieur Paget; immediately the Fair writ him this Answer.

LETTER.

I Easily found you had Wit, by the Conversation I have had with you, but I did not know before that you writ so well.

well as you do. I never saw any thing so pretty as your Letter, and I should be transported to receive such often; in the mean time I should be glad to have a little Chat with you to-night at Six.

D'Olonne.

Monsieur *Paget* did not fail to be there at the appointed time, and appear'd decently equipp'd, that is to say, with Bag and Baggage. *Quinette* having introduced him into her Mistresses Closet, left them alone. See here, Madam, says he, (shewing her what he had brought) what is not to be met with every Day; Will you take it? With all my Heart, said Madam *d'Olonne*, and it will amuse us. Having then told over the Two thousand Pistoles they had agreed upon, she lock'd them up in a little Cabinet, and seating her self by him upon a Couch, No body in *Gaul*, Sir, said she, writes like you: What I am going to say is not with design to shew my Wit, but it is certain I know few People that have any; the greatest part say nothing but Impertinences, and when they would write tenderly they

they think they have hit it, when they tell you they adore you, and are dying for you, if you do not love them ; and if you will do them that Favour, they will serve you all their Life ; as if one needed their Service. I am ravish'd, Madam, said Monsieur *Paget*, that my Letters please you ; I shall not be sparing of them, they cost me nothing. That's what is so difficult to believe, interrupted she, you must certainly then have a prodigious Stock.

After some other Chat, which Love interrupted two or three times, they agreed upon another Interview, and then another, so that Two thousand Pistoles procur'd Monsieur *Paget* three Appointments. But Madam *d'Olonne* being willing to make her Advantage of the Love of this Citizen, and of his Wealth, desir'd him at the fourth Visit to continue to write her such gallant Letters as that she had received from him.

Monsieur *Paget* seeing this would be of ill consequence, loaded her with Reproaches which signified nothing, and all he could gain by them was, that he should not be absolutely forbid the House, and that he might go thither to play when she sent for him. Madam *d'Olonne* believ'd, that by letting him see her, she should drill him on, and that perhaps he might be

Fool

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Fool enough to satisfy them at any rate: However, tho' he was too much in love to deny himself the Sight of her, yet he was not in love with her enough to buy her Favours so dear every day.

Matters being upon this foot, whether Spight had made Monsieur *Paget* talk, or his frequent Visits, and the Money Madam *d'Olonne* play'd, had put the Duke *de Candale* upon reflecting; he beg'd his Mistress, upon his departure for the Frontiers of *Spain*, to see Monsieur *Paget* no more, whose Commerce was prejudicial to her Reputation. She promis'd it, but perform'd nothing; so that the Duke *de Candale* hearing by those that writ from *Paris*, that Monsieur *Paget* went oftner than ever to Madam *d'Olonne's*, sent her this

L E T T E R.

W Hen I took my leave of you, Madam, I beg'd of you to see that Rascal *Paget* no more; You promis'd it me, and yet he never stirs from you. Are you not asham'd to put me into a condition of apprehending from a miserable Citizen's designs on you, who can never be fear'd, but from the Assurance you inspire.

spire him with? If you do not blush at it, Madam, I do, for you and for my self; and that I may not merit the Shame you would load me with, I am going to make an Effort upon my Love, that I may regard You no longer otherwise than as an Infamous Woman.

Madam d'Olonne was very much surpriz'd at the receipt of so harsh a Letter; but as her Conscience reproach'd her still more severely than her Lover, she sought no Reasons to defend herself, but contented herself with this Answer.

LETTER.

MY past Conduct is so ridiculous, my Dear, that I should despair of being ever lov'd by you, could I not make amends for the future, by the Assurances I give you of a more regular Behaviour; but I swear to you by your self, the dearest thing I have in the World, that Monsieur Paget shall never come within my Doors; and, that the Marq. de Beuvron, whom my Husband obliges me to see, shall

see

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*see me so seldom, that you shall soon find
You alone are every thing to me.*

This Letter made the Duke *de Candale* entirely easie; he afterwards resolv'd not to condemn his Mistress upon Appearances, which he perhaps judg'd deceitful. He threw himself into the other Extreme of Confidence, and took in good part all she did during six months of Coquetry and Infidelity; for she continued to see Monsieur *Paget*, and to grant Favours to the Marquis: And tho' the Duke had News of it from above an hundred hands, he believ'd it came from his Father and the rest of his Friends, who had a mind to divert him from his love for her, imagining this Passion would prevent his having any Thoughts of marrying. He return'd then from the Army more in Love than ever. Madam *d'Olonne* too, with whom a pretty long Absence made the Duke *de Candale* pass for a new Lover, redoubled her Empresslements for him even in the view of the whole Court; the Lover took all the Indiscretions she was guilty of in order to see him, as the Marks of a Passion she was no longer Mistress of, tho' they were no more than so many Instances of the natural Depravity of her Reason.

When

When she committed any open Extravagance on his account, he believ'd she was sensibly affected, and yet it was no more than her Folly. He was so fully perswaded of her Passion for him, that tho' he died for love of her, he was afraid of being ungrateful. One may well judge the Conduct of these Lovers made a great noise: They both had Enemies, and the good Fortune of the one, and the other's Beauty, had rais'd them a great deal of Envy; tho' all the World had been willing to serve them, they had ruin'd every thing by their Imprudence, but all the World was for doing them ill turns. They made Appointments every where, without having taken any Measures at all, with any body. They saw each other sometimes at a House which the Duke *de Candale* had, under the Name of a Country Lady whom *Madam d'Olonne* pretended to visit, and almost every Night at her own House. All these Rendezvous did not wholly take up the Time of this perfidious one; as soon as the Duke *de Candale* left her, she went upon the Conquest of some new Lover, or at least reassur'd the Marquis *de Beuvron* by a thousand kind things, for fear the Duke *de Candale* should leave her.

The

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The Winter passed thus without the Duke *de Candale*'s in the least suspecting any thing of the vile Tricks she play'd him. He parted from her to return to the Army, as well satisfied with her as ever. He had not been there two months before he heard News that disturb'd his Joy: His particular Friends, who had an Eye upon his Mistress's Conduct, had not dar'd to say any thing to him of it, so much they found him prepossess'd by this faithless Woman: But something extraordinary having pass'd since his absence, and they having a mind to destroy the Impressions she had made on him, they unanimously ventur'd to acquaint him with her Conduct, without letting their Concert appear: They told him then, each separately, that *Jeannin de Castille* had a very great Attachment for *Madam d'Olonne*; that his Assiduities made the World believe he not only had Designs, but that they were successful, and that, in short, tho' she were not culpable, he ought not to be satisfied with her, since all the World suspected her. But whilst this News is firing the Duke *de Candale*'s Soul with Rage, it may be proper to say something of the Birth, Progress, and End of *Jeannin de Castille*'s Passion.

Jean-

Jeannin de Castille had a good Shape, an agreeable Face, a good deal of Spruce-ness, very little Wit, was of the same Birth and Profession as *Monfieur Paget*, and, like him, had a great deal of Wealth. He was well enough made to induce one to believe that had he worn a Sword, he had been fortunate by his Merit alone: But his Profession and his Riches rais'd a Suspicion, that all the Women he had lov'd were interested; so that when they saw him in love with *Madam d'Olonne*, it was not doubted but he was belov'd for the sake of his Money.

The King, after passing the Summer on the Frontiers, generally return'd to *Paris* in the Winter, where all the Diversions in the World possess'd his Soul by turns; Billiards, Tennis, Hunting, Plays, and Dancing, had each their time with him: It was then Lotteries were talk'd of, and they were so much the Mode, that every body made one; some of Money, others of Jewels and Furniture. *Madam d'Olonne* had a mind to make one of this last sort, but whereas in most of them People employ'd all the Money they had receiv'd for that purpose, and Chance afterwards determin'd the Prizes, in this, which was of Ten thousand Crowns, there were not Five employ'd, and those Five were

were distributed as Madam *d'Olonne* pleased. The first time of her making Proposals for a Lottery, *Jeannin de Castille* was by, and as she ask'd of each a Sum according to his Abilities, and had told him he must give a thousand Livres, he answer'd, with all his Heart, and promis'd to make her up Nine thousand more amongst his Friends.

Some time after, all the Company being gone except *Jeannin de Castille*, I know not, Madam, said he, whether my Passion be yet a Secret to you, for 'tis long since I lov'd you, and I am already in advance of many Services, but after having devoted my self entirely to you, I must ask of you a Confirmation of my Bargain, grant it me, I beseech you, and consider, that besides the thousand Livres which you have fined me, I give you nine more to be well with you; for what I told you of my Friends was only to deceive the Company. I own, Sir, reply'd she, that I never yet thought you in Love till to-day; not but I have observ'd certain Airs in you which made me suspect something, but I am so shock'd with these Formalities; and Sighs and Languors are in my Mind so poor a Traffic, and such weak Instances of Affection, that, had you not resolv'd on a more becoming Conduct with me, you had

had lost your Labour all your Life. Now as for Gratitude, you may believe one is not far from loving when one is sure of being belov'd.

There wanted no more to make *Jeannin de Castille* believe this was the happy moment: He threw himself at Madam d'Olonne's Feet, and as he was going to make use of this Action of Humility, as a Step to higher Enterprizes, No, no, said she, it is not as you imagin, In what Country have you been told Women make the Advances? When you shall have given me undoubted marks of a strong Passion, you shall not find me ungrateful. *Jeannin de Castille*, who saw plainly that with her the Money must be paid down before the Goods would be deliver'd, told her, He had Two hundred Pistoles, and would give her them if she pleas'd; and having receiv'd them, If you would, said he, grant me some Favours in part for this Money, I should be extremely oblig'd to you; or if you are for the whole Sum, give me your Note for what I just now gave you, as for Value receiv'd. She chose rather to kiss him than to write, and a moment after *Jeannin de Castille* took his leave, assuring her he would bring the rest the next day. He did not fail, so that the Money was no sooner counted

counted than she kept her Word, with all the Honour that could be expected in such a Treaty. Tho' *Jeannin de Castille* had enter'd by the same Door as *Monf. Paget*, she treated him better; whether it was that she hoped to draw more considerable Advantages from him, or that he had some other extraordinary hidden Merit, that was to her instead of Liberality; she demanded no new Proofs of Love from him as a Motive to her granting fresh Favours, his Ten thousand Livres made him be lov'd for three months, that is, treated as if he had been lov'd. During this the Duke *de Candale* having receiv'd the Letters, by which he was inform'd of his Mistress's new Intrigues, writ her this.

L E T T E R.

Could you justify your self to me in every thing you are accus'd of, I no longer durst love you: Were you unhappy, you have too much contributed to it, not to disown me in my Passion for you. All Lovers are generally pleas'd to hear their Mistresses named, but, for my part, I tremble when I read or hear your
Name;

Name; I alwaies imagine I am going to learn a worse Story of you than the former; yet I need not know any thing more to make me despise you; you can add nothing to your Infamy: Expect then all the Resentments that a Woman without Honour deserves from a Man of Honour, who has loved her with the greatest Tenderness. I enter into no detail with you, because I desire no Justification from you, and that you are not only condemn'd in my Opinion, but that I can never return for you.

The Duke *de Candale* writ this Letter about the time he was setting out for the Court: He had just lost a Battel, and that had not a little contributed to the tartness of his Letter: He could not bear to be beaten every where, and it had been some Consolation to him in the ill Success of the War, had he been more fortunate in Love: He began his Journey in a most terrible Humour; at other times he rid Post, but now, as if he had had some foresight of his ill Fortune, he came very slowly. He began upon the Road to feel some slight Indisposition; at *Vienne* he found himself very ill; but as he was but one

one days Journey from *Lions*, he resolv'd to go thither, knowing well he should have better assistance there: Yet the Fatigues of the Campaign having very much weaken'd him, Grief ended him, and neither his Youth nor the Physicians help could save his Life; but as the greatest Evils could not make him lose the Remembrance of *Madam d'Olonne's* Infidelity, he writ her this Letter the Evening before his Death.

L E T T E R.

Could I in dying preserve any Esteem for You, Death would be a great Affliction to me; but being no longer able to esteem you, I can have no Regret for Life; I lov'd it only for the sake of passing it agreeably with You; which since the little Merit I could boast of, and the greatest Passion in the World cou'd not effect, I have no more Inclination for Life, and I see plainly that Death is going to deliver me from a World of Uneasiness. Were You capable of any Tenderness, you could not see me in the Condition

dition I am now in without expiring with Grief; but, God be thanked, Nature has taken care of that, and since you could every Day make the Man who lov'd you the best in the World despair, you might well see me die, without being touch'd with it.

The first Letter the Duke had written to Madam d'Olonne upon the Subject of *Jeannin de Castille*, had made her so much fear his return, that she really dreaded it more than Death, and I believe she wish'd never to see him again; yet the Report of the sad condition he was in, threw her into Despair, and the News of his Death, which she receiv'd from her Friend the Countess de Fiesque, had like to have made her die too: She remain'd some time without Sense, and came not to her self till *Amiot* was named, who, they told her, waited to speak with her. *Amiot* was the Duke de Candale's principal Confidant, who brought Madam d'Olonne the Letter from his Master, which he had written at his Death, and the Casket wherein he lock'd up the Letters and all the other Favours he had receiv'd from her. After having read this last

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Letter with attention, she began to weep more bitterly than before. The Countess *de Fiesque*, who would not leave her in this deplorable circumstance, propos'd for an amusement of her Grief, to open the Casket, where the first thing they found was a Handkerchief stain'd with Blood in several places. Oh my God! cry'd Madam *d'Olonne*, is it possible for me to see this without dying! What! did the poor Creature, who had so many other things of greater consequence, preserve every trifle, even to this Handkerchief! Is any thing in the World more moving? And thereupon she told the Countess *de Fiesque*, that having cut herself at work one day when he was with her, he had beg'd this Handkerchief of her with which she had wiped her Hand, and had kept it ever since. After this, they found Bracelets, Purfes, Hair, and Pictures of Madam *d'Olonne*; and coming to the Letters, the Countess *de Fiesque* desir'd her Friend to let her read some of them, to which having consented, she open'd this the first.

LET.

LETTER.

They say here that You have been beaten; this is perhaps a false Report of Your Enemies, but perhaps it is a Truth. Good God! under this Uncertainty I ask of you my Lover's Life, and I give up the Army to you. Yes, my God! and not only the Army, but the State and all the World together. Since I heard this News, without any thing in particular of you, I make twenty Visits a day. I enter upon the Subject of War to see if I can learn nothing that may give me some ease. They tell me every where, that you have been beaten, but they tell me nothing that relates to your self: I dare not ask what is become of you, not out of any Fear of discovering my Passion for you by it, I am too much alarm'd to have any Measures to keep, but I am afraid of learning more than I care to know. This is the Condition I am and shall be in till the first Post, if I have Strength enough to wait for it. What redoubles my Dis-

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quiet is, that you have so often promis'd to send me an Express on any extraordinary Occasion, that I take it ill I have had none on this.

Whilst the Countess *de Fiesque* was reading this Letter with Concern, for she was touch'd with it, Madam *d'Olonne* dissolv'd in Tears; they both continued a good while silent after reading it. I will read no more of them to-day, said the Countess *de Fiesque*, for since they give me some Disquiet, they must needs give you a great deal more: No, no, reply'd Madam *d'Olonne*, go on, I beg, it makes me cry, but it makes me remember him. The Countess upon opening another Letter, found it to this effect.

L E T T E R.

W Hat! will you never let me rest? Shall I always be in Fears of losing you either by your Death or your Inconstancy? As long as the Campaign lasts I shall be in the cruellest Alarms; the Enemy does not fire a Gun but I imagine it is at you. Then I hear you lose a Battel without knowing what is become of you; and when, after a thousand
mor-

mortal Fears, I learn at last that my good Fortune has preserv'd you, for you have found to your Cost that you are not at all oblig'd to your own, they tell me you are at *Avignon* in the Arms of *Armida*, where you are forgetting your Misfortunes: If it be so, I am very unhappy that you did not lose your Life as well as the Battel: Yes, my Dear, I had rather see you dead than inconstant; for I should have the pleasure of believing that had you surviv'd, you had always lov'd me, whereas I have nothing but Rage at my Heart, to see my self abandon'd for another, who loves you not so well as I.

What do I hear, said the Countess *de Fiesque* to *Amiot*, was the Duke *de Candale* in love with *Armida*? No, Madam, reply'd he, in his return from the Army he staid two days at *Avignon* to refresh himself, and there he saw *Armida* twice; judge if this can be call'd Love: But, Madam, added he, addressing himself to *Madam d'Olonne*, who has so well inform'd you of all his Actions? Alas! answer'd she, I know nothing of it otherwise than from public Report, but it is so universal as to this Passion of his, and even that she was in part the Cause of his Death, that no body here is ignorant

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of it : And falling a crying more violently than before, the Countess *de Fiesque*, who sought only to divert her Sorrow, ask'd her if she knew the Hand-writing of the Superscription of a Letter she shew'd her. Yes, answer'd Madam *d'Olonne*, 'tis a Letter of my Steward's ; this must needs be curious, let us see what he writes, and thereupon open'd the Letter.

L E T T E R.

Whatever my Mistress tells you, the House is never free from Normans: These Devils would be much better in their own Country than here: I am enraged at it, my Lord, and at a thousand other things I see, of which I send you no Particulars, because I hope you will be shortly here, where you will put every thing upon a right foot your self.

By these Normans the Steward meant the Marquis *de Beuvron* and his Brothers, Monsieur *de Thury*, the Chevalier *de St. Evremont*, and the Abbé *de Villerceau*, who

who were very frequently at Madam d'Olonne's. The natural Air in which the poor Man had sent this News to the Duke de Candale so much mov'd this silly Woman, that after having observ'd how the Countess de Fiesque receiv'd it, who had not so much reason to be afflicted as her self, she began to laugh with all her might. The Countess de Fiesque seeing her laugh thus, began to laugh too. Only poor Amiot, who not being able to bear a Mirth so unseasonable, redoubled his Tears, and retir'd abruptly out of the Closet. Two or three days after, Madam d'Olonne being quite cured of her Grief, the Countess de Fiesque and her other Friends advis'd her to mourn for her Honour, telling her that her Affair with the Duke de Candale had been too public to be made a Mystery of: She therefore put a Constraint upon herself for three or four days longer, after which she return'd again to her natural Temper; what hasten'd this return was the Carnival, which in giving her an Opportunity of gratifying her Inclination, assisted her besides in satisfying her Husband, who had had a thousand Suspicions of her Intelligence with the Duke de Candale, and thought himself happy in being deliver'd from it. To make him

then believe she had no remains of that Passion in her Breast, she masqu'd 4 or 5 times with him, and being desirous of entirely regaining his Confidence, by a signal Instance of Sincerity, she own'd to him not only her Love for the Duke *de Candale*, and that she had granted him the last Favour, but the Circumstances of his Enjoyments too: And as she was giving him a particular account of the number of them, He had but little Love for you, Madam, said he, having a mind to insult the small Abilities of the poor deceased, since he did so little for so fine a Woman as you. She had been but eight days out of her Bed, which she had kept four months for a dangerous Hurt she had in her Leg, when she resolv'd to mask; and her eagerness for that Diversion forward'd the Cure more than all the Remedies she had used for so long a time. She mask'd then four or five times in company with her Husband; but as these were but little obscure Masquerades, she had a mind to make an extraordinary one that might be talk'd of; and to this end she and three more dress'd in the Habit of Capucins, and she made two other Gentlemen, her Friends, dress in that of the reform'd Nuns of the Order of *St. Clara*. The Capucins were

were her self, her Husband, Monsieur de
Toury, and the Abbé de *Villercéau*; the
 Nuns were *Grassard* an Englishman, and
Esilly. This Company went up and down
 to all the Assemblies all *Shrove-Tuesday*
 Night. The King and Queen-Mother
 having heard of this Masquerade, very
 much resented this Action of Madam d'*O-*
lonne, and said publickly, they would
 punish the Contempt shewn to Religion
 on that occasion. Some time after, their
 Majesties were a little pacified, and all
 these Menaces ended in having no longer
 any Esteem for Madam d'*Olonne*.

During this, *Jeannin de Castille* very
 peaceably enjoy'd his Mistress till the
 drawing of her Lottery. I have already
 said, that of the Ten thousand Crowns
 she had receiv'd she had imploy'd but the
 half at most, and the greatest Share of
 this Lottery was given the Capucins, the
 Nuns, and the rest of the Cabal. The
 Prince de *Marillac*, who was now going
 to play the first Part upon this Theatre,
 had the first great Prize, which was a
 large Silver Hearth. *Jeannin de Castille*,
 with all the Favours he receiv'd, had no-
 thing but a Toy of very little value.
 The great Noise which the Unfairness of
 this Lottery made vex'd him extremely
 at his being put on no better a foot than

the most indifferent Person, and he complain'd of it to Madam *d'Olonne*. She, who had no mind to let him into her Roguery, receiv'd his Complaints with the greatest Sharpness, so that before they parted they came to Reproaches on both sides, the one for his Money, the other for her Favours. To conclude, Madam *d'Olonne* forbad him her House, and *Jeannin de Castille* told her, he had never obey'd her so readily, and, that this Command of hers would save him a great deal of Trouble and Expence. However, the Marq. *de Beuvron*'s Commerce still continued; whether it was from his being no longer her Lover, or whether he thought himself too happy in the enjoyment of her Favours at any rate, he gave her little trouble on the score of her Conduct. She too treated him as her last Hopes, and still lov'd him better than nothing. Some short time after the Rupture of *Jeannin de Castille*, the Prince *de Marillac*, whose Friends were more vigilant than he, was advis'd to attach himself to Madam *d'Olonne*; they told him he was of an Age to make some figure in the World; that Women gave a Reputation as well as Arms; that Madam *d'Olonne* being one of the finest Women at Court, besides the Pleasure, would still do an Honour to the
Man

Man she should love; adding, that to succeed the Duke *de Candale* would be something very considerable. With these Reasons they push'd on the Prince *de Marsillac* to make his court to Madam *d'Olonne*; but because he was naturally diffident of himself, his Cabal, who were diffident of him too, did not think it proper to leave him to his own Conduct with her, and it was resolv'd that *Resilly* should direct and assist him upon occasion. The Prince *de Marsillac* had been very assiduous in his Addresses to her for two months, without saying one word of Love to her but in general terms: He had however told *Resilly*, more than six weeks before, that he had made a Declaration, and had invented a pretty severe Answer for her, that he might not think it strange he had been so long without receiving any Favours from her: Whereupon the Tutor, to serve his Pupil, spoke to Madam *d'Olonne* himself, and said to her, I know very well, Madam, there is nothing so free as Love, and that where the Heart is not touch'd by Inclination, Words are of small force to perswade; but I cannot help saying that, whilst one is young, and to be dispos'd of, as you are, I do not comprehend why one should refuse a young Gentleman in Love, and who

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who is as capable, or I am very much mistaken, as any Man at Court: 'Tis of the poor Prince *de Marillac*, Madam, that I am speaking; since he loves you so passionately, why are you ungrateful? or if you find you cannot love him, why do you trifle with him? Either return his Passion, or dismiss him. I know not, interrupted Madam *d'Olonne*, how long it has been since the Men expect we should love them without their asking it, for I have heard that formerly it was they that made the Advances: I have found indeed that Gallantry has lately been upon a strange foot, but I knew not that it was reduced so low as to put Women upon making the first steps. How, Madam! answer'd *Resilly*, has not the Prince *de Marillac* told you he lov'd you? No, Sir, said she, 'tis you that have learnt me it; not but that his Assiduities have made me suspect he had some Design, but without an Explanation we do not pretend to find Meanings. Ah, Madam! reply'd *Resilly*, you are not so much in the wrong as I imagin'd, the Prince *de Marillac*'s Youth makes him fearful, 'tis that has occasion'd his Miscarriage; but this Youth of his is at the same time an Excuse for many Faults with the Ladies; one cannot offend much at his age, and there's great

room for compassionating young People of Two and twenty. I agree with you, said she, a young Fellow of Two and twenty may raise our Pity, but never our Anger, yet I would not have him wanting in Respect. Do you call it Respect, Madam, reply'd *Resilly*, to be afraid of declaring one's Passion? It is pure Folly, even supposing a Woman had no Inclination to Love, for then one should not lose one's Time, but know what to trust to: But this Respect can be of no service to you, Madam, but with those for whom you have no Inclination; for if the Man you were inclin'd to love should have a little too much of it, you would be very much at a loss. Just as he had done speaking, Company came in, and having taken his leave a little after, he went in search of the Prince *de Marillac*; and having reproach'd him a thousand times for his Timidity, he made him promise that before Night he would declare himself to his Mistress: He even put into his Mouth some things he should say, which the Prince *de Marillac* forgot the next moment; and having encourag'd him the best he could, he saw him set out for this great Expedition. The Prince *de Marillac* however was strangely uneasie, sometimes he thought his Coach went too fast, some-

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sometimes he wish'd Mad. *d'Olonne* might not be at home, or that somebody might be with her: In short, he was afraid of the very thing that a gallant Man could have wish'd for with all his Soul; but he was unfortunate enough to find his Mistress, and to find her alone. He came up to her with so much Confusion in his Face, that had she not already known of his Love by *Resilly*, she had discover'd it by looking on him this once. This Confusion contributed more to perswade her than all he could say to her, and this is the reason why Fools are more successful in Love than the more deserving. The first thing the Prince *de Marillac* did after sitting down, was to put on his Hat, so far was he besides himself: A moment after, perceiving his Folly, he pull'd off his Hat and his Gloves, and then put on one again, and all this without saying a Word. What is the matter, said Madam *d'Olonne*, you seem to be concern'd? Do not you guess, Madam, said the Prince *de Marillac*? No, said she, I do not comprehend any thing of it; How should I understand what I am not told, when I can scarce comprehend what I am told? It is ——— I am going to tell you what, replied the Prince *de Marillac*, assuming a silly softness all the

the while, It is, that I am in love with you. A world of Ceremony this, said she, for so small a matter! I do not apprehend there can be so much difficulty to say one loves, methinks there should be much more in loving well. Ah, Madam, replied he interrupting her, it is much more pain to me to say it than to do it; I have none at all in loving you, and should have so much in not loving you, that I should never be able to obey you, were you to command it a thousand times. I, replied Madam *d'Olonne* blushing, I have no Commands for you. Any other but the Prince *de Marillac* would have understood the delicate turn Madam *d'Olonne* made use of to authorize his Passion, but his Apprehension was too dull, 'twas so much Delicacy lost, to make use of it to him. How, Madam? said he, you do not then esteem me enough to honour me with any Commands of yours. Well then, said she, should you be pleas'd to have me bid you not love me? No, Madam, interrupted he hastily. What would you then, replied Madam *d'Olonne*? Love you all my Life, replied the Prince *de Marillac*, and be loved by you. Well then, love as much as you please, replied she, and hope.

This

This had been enough to a Lover more pressing than the Prince *de Marsillac* to have attempted the last Favours; yet whatever Madam *d'Olonne* could do, he made her wait two months longer, and at last when she yielded, she was forced to make all the Advances. The establishment of this new Commerce did not occasion her breaking off that with the Marquis *de Beuvron*. The last Lover was always the best belov'd, but not so much as to make her turn off the Marquis, who was a second Husband to her.

A little before the Rupture of *Jeannin de Castille* with Madam *d'Olonne*, the Chevalier *de Grammont* was fallen in love with her; and as he is a most extraordinary Person, it will not be amiss to describe him. The Chevalier had laughing Eyes, a well-made Nose, a handsome Mouth, a little Dimple in his Chin that had a very agreeable effect on his Face. He had something sly in his Looks, and a Shape good enough, had he not been a little round-shoulder'd; his Wit was gallant and delicate, yet his Mien and Accent very much set off what he said, which became nothing in the Mouth of another; and one sign of this was, that he wrote the worst in the World, and he wrote as he spoke. Tho' it be superfluous

fluous to say a Rival is troublesome, the Chevalier was so to that degree, that it were better for a poor Woman to have four upon her Hands than him: He was liberal to profusion, and by that means neither his Mistress nor his Rivals could have any faithful Servants, otherwise the honestest Fellow in the World. He had for twelve Years past loved the Countess *de Fiesque*, a Lady as extraordinary as himself, that is, as singular for good Qualities as he was for bad; but as she had been for five of those twelve Years in Exile with the Princess *Leonora*, Daughter of *la Gornande Gaule*, a Princess persecuted by Fortune for her Virtue, and because she could not bring her great Spirit to stoop to the meannesses the Court expected of her. In their absence the Chevalier was not given to too scrupulous a Constancy; and tho' the Countess *de Fiesque* was amiable, his Levity was in some measure excusable, because he had never receiv'd any Favours from her. There were some People however whom he had made jealous, the Count *de Vorel* was one: As this last was one day reproaching the Countess with her loving the Chevalier, the fair one told him he was certainly mad, to believe she could love the wickedst Fellow on Earth.

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A pleasant Reason, Madam, this that you give me for your Justification, said he, I know you are still a wickeder Creature than he, and yet I love you. Tho' the Chevalier made Love every where, yet he had so great a Foible for the Countess *de Fiesque*, that whatever Engagements he had elsewhere, as soon as any-body visited her more assiduously than ordinary, he left every thing to be with her: And he had reason; for the Countess *de Fiesque* was a charming Woman: Her Eyes were dark and sparkling, her Nose well made, her Mouth agreeable, and of a fine colour; her Complexion fair and smooth; the Shape of her Face long, a picked Chin could have become no body upon Earth besides herself: She had ash-colour'd Hair, and was always drest with the greatest Propriety and Gallantry; but her Air was what set her off, rather than any magnificence in Cloaths: Her Wit was lively and natural; her Humour not to be describ'd, for with the Modesty of her own Sex, she was of the Humour of all the World. With most People second Thoughts are best; it was quite the contrary with the Countess *de Fiesque*; the first motions of her Mind were always
spoil'd

spoil'd by Reflection. I know not whether the Confidence she had in her own Merit did not make her neglect the means of gaining Lovers, but she gave her self no pain to get any; and indeed when any one came of himself, she had neither Rigour to get rid of him, nor Indulgence to retain him; he return'd if he pleas'd, if he pleas'd he staid away, and whatever he did, he was not maintain'd at her expence.

It was then, as I said before, Five Years since the Chevalier had seen her, and during this absence, not to lose time, he had had an hundred Mistresses; amongst others the Dutchesse *de Victoire*, and three days afterwards *Larissa*. It was *Prosperus* who made this Sonnet upon him.

* *Quoi !*

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* *Quoi ! vous vous consolez, après ce coup de foudre
Tombé sur un Objet que vous croiez si beau ?
Un véritable amant bien loin de se refoudre,
Se seroit enfermé dans le même tombeau.
Quoi ! ce cœur si touché brûle d'un feu nouveau
Quelle infidelite ! qui peut vous en absoudre ?
Venir tout fraîchement de pleurer comme un veau
Puis faire le galant, & mettre de la poudre.
O l'indigne foiblesse, & qu'il vous en cuira,
Vous manquez à l'amour, l'amour vous manquera
Et déjà vous donner où tout le Monde échouë.
Je connois la beauté pour qui vous soupirez.
Je l'aime, & puisqu'il faut en fin que je l'avouë,
C'est qu'en vous consolant vous me desesperez.*

* What ! are you easie after this Thunder-clap fall
on an Object which seem'd so charming to you? A true
Lover, far from changing, would have shut himself up
his Mistress's Tomb. What ! does that Heart, once so
sibly touch'd, burn with a new Flame ? Prodigious In-
delity ! to come directly from crying like a great Calf, and
then set up for a Gallant, and load your self with Powder
Shameful Weakness ! for which you will smart suffici-
ly ; you have neglected Love, and Love will neglect you
And to bestow your Heart immediately on one with whom
all the World have miscarried ! I know the Fair one
whom you sigh for ; I love her, and since I must at last
own it ; 'tis your being easy that makes me despair.

Som

Some time after the beginning of this Affair, the Countess *de Fiesque* being return'd to *Paris*, the Chevalier, who was no way ty'd to *Larissa*, by any Favour, left her to return to the Countess *de Fiesque*: But as he never long continued in the same Resolution, and grew tired of her, he made his Applications to *Madam d'Olonne*, at the same time that the Prince *de Marsillac* embark'd with her; and tho' he was less successful with the Ladies than the Prince, yet he was not at all more pressing; on the contrary, provided he could trifle, make the World believe he had an Intrigue, find People credulous enough to flatter his Vanity, give a Rival pain, and be better receiv'd than he, he gave himself no trouble about the Conclusion. One thing that made it more difficult for him to gain Credit than another Man, was, that he never spoke seriously, so that a Woman must have had a very good Opinion of her self to believe he lov'd her.

I said before, that never was unsuccessful Lover more troublesome than he. He always had two or three Footmen out of Liveries, that he call'd his *Grifons*, by whom he dogg'd his Rivals and Mistresses. *Madam d'Olonne* being one day

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day in some pain how she should keep an Appointment she had made with the Prince *de Marsillac*, without being discover'd by the Chevalier *de Grammont*, in order to put him on a false Scent, resolv'd to go out in her Cloak with a Chambermaid, and pass the *Seine* in a Boat, after ordering her People to wait for her at the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*: The first Man that offer'd her his Hand to conduct her into the Boat was one of the Chevalier's *Grifons*, before whom, laughing with her Woman at the thought of having deceiv'd the Chevalier, and having mention'd what she was then going about, the Fellow immediately gave his Master an Account of it, who strangely surpriz'd Madam *d'Olonne* the next day, by telling her the Particulars of her Appointment the day before. A Man of Honour, who has convicted his Mistress of loving any-body but himself, retires immediately, and without noise, especially where she has made him no Promises. But the Chevalier was none of those; tho' he could not be lov'd, he would sooner have dy'd than let his Rival, or his Mistress, have any rest. Madam *d'Olonne* therefore had reckon'd the Chevalier's Assiduities for three whole months as nothing, and ridicul'd all he had

had told her of his Passion, and the rather, because she was perswaded he had a much greater for the Countess *de Fiesque*, but she hated him besides like the Devil, when the Lover came to be of Opinion that a Letter would have more Effect than all he had hitherto said or done, in this Thought he writ her this.

LETTER.

IS it possible, my Goddess, that you should not be sensible of the Love your bright Eyes, my Suns, have kindled in my Heart? Tho' it be needless to address you with Declarations common to such incomparable Beauties, and you ought to be content with mental Orisons, I have told you a thousand times that I loved you, yet you laugh, and make me no Answer: Is it a good or a bad Sign, my Queen? I conjure you to explain yourself on that Head, that the most enamour'd of Mortals may continue to adore you, or cease to displease you.

Ma-

Madam *d'Olonne* having receiv'd this Letter, carried it immediately to the Countess *de Fiesque*, with whom she imagin'd it had been concerted, but she took no notice to her at first of what she suspected. As there was a good Understanding between them, she in a rallying way endeavour'd to make her sensible of the Obligation she had to her for refusing her Lover, and of the Advice she had given her of his intended Infidelity. Tho' the Countess *de Fiesque* did not love the Chevalier, she was however picqued, most Women being as unwilling to lose those Lovers they do not oblige, as those they do, their Chagrin not so much proceeding from their loss of them, as from the preference of their Rivals: And this was the Scituation the Countess was in on this Occasion.

However, she thank'd Madam *d'Olonne* for her good Intentions, but assur'd her she had no Interest in the Chevalier, but that, on the contrary, she should be oblig'd to any one that would rid her of him. Madam *d'Olonne* was not satisfied with shewing the Countess this Letter, she made a Merit of it too, with the Prince *de Marsillac*; and whether the Countess *de Fiesque* spoke of it to other People,

People, or whether she herself told it about, two days after all the World knew the poor Chevalier had been sacrificed, and the Diversion his Letter had occasion'd came in a very short time to his own Ears. Contempt alone is offensive to all Lovers, but Raillery added to it, throws them into Despair.

The Chevalier finding himself rejected, and made a Jest of besides, no longer kept any measures: He left nothing unsaid against Madam *d'Olonne*; and it appear'd on this occasion, that this foolish Woman had found out the Secret of destroying her Reputation to preserve her Honour.

Of all his Rivals, the Chevalier hated none so heartily as the Prince *de Marillac*; as well because he thought him the best treated, as that he seem'd to deserve it the least. He call'd Madam *d'Olonne*'s Lovers the *Philistines*, and said the Prince, because he had but little Wit, had defeated them all with the Jaw-bone of an Ass.

At the same time the Count *de Guiche*, young and handsom as an Angel, and full of himself, thought the Conquest of Madam *d'Olonne* would be both easie and reputable to him, so that he resolv'd to attempt it upon the pure Motive of

D

Glo-

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Glory. He mention'd his Design to *Manicamp*, his intimate Friend, who approved of it, and offer'd him his Service. The Count *de Guiche* and *Manicamp* have too large a Share in this History to be spoken of, only *en passant*; they should be thoroughly known, and therefore we shall begin with a Description of the former.

The Count *de Guiche* had large black Eyes, a well-made Nose, a Mouth somewhat large, the make of his Face round and flat, an admirable Complexion, a large Forehead, and fine Shape: He had Wit, rallied, was inconstant, assuming, brave, rash, and without Friendship. He was Colonel of the French Regiment of Horse Guards in conjunction with the Mareschal his Father.

Manicamp had soft blue Eyes, a Roman Nose, a large Mouth, red plump Lips, his Complexion a little upon the fallow, a flat Face, a fine Head of Hair, and a good Shape, had he taken more care of it. He had Wit enough, and in the same way as the Count *de Guiche*, tho' he had not so many Acquirements as he, his Genius however was at least as fine. His Fortune was not so well establish'd as the other's, which made him more cautious, but they had both almost the same propensity

penfity to ill Nature and Raillery, fo that they lov'd each other as much as if they had been of a different Sex.

At the fame time Madam d'Olonne was fhewing the Chevalier de Grammont's Letter to all the World, he discover'd his Nephew's Paffion for the Countefs de Fiefque: This contributed not a little to exasperate him againft Madam d'Olonne, believing his Reconciliation with the Countefs the eafier, the lefs Regard he fhew'd for the other; but whilft he is endeavouring to reconcile himfelf, let us fee the meafures the Count de Guiche took to make himfelf agreeable.

First then you muft know the Count de Guiche had a great Paffion for Madam de Beauvais, a young Lady of an indifferent Family, but a great deal of Wit, that he had been fo plagued by his Friends in that Intrigue, which they were apprehenfive would lead him into the fame Folly that her Sister had lead *Armand* into, that this Confideration, as well as the Fair one's Cruelty, had very much discourag'd him, and engag'd him in the Design of loving the Countefs de Fiefque, but he had not fo much Inclination for her as ſhe deferv'd, it being not fo much a new Paffion as a Remedy for the old one. He advanc'd but little; all he

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could do, was to move the Countess *de Fiesque*, and enrage the Chevalier; to which end he contented himself with Looks and Assiduities, without endeavouring a quicker Progress. The Countess *de Fiesque*, whose Heart, as 'tis thought, was never touch'd but by the Merit of the Seigneur *d'Hiere*, Favourite of the *Bithuringian* Prince, whom she had not had an Opportunity of seeing for four or five Years, and with whom she corresponded by Letter, found her Constancy shaken by the Steps the Count *de Guiche* made on her account, and whatever *Zerige*, the Seigneur *d'Hiere*'s Friend, could say to oblige her to break with the Count *de Guiche*, she gave not immediately into it, but under a pretence of ridiculing his Passion, she for a good while observ'd his manner of proceeding, till at last seeing the Count did not press forward, she resolv'd to make a Virtue of the Necessity she saw her self under of ruining him; and, that it might not seem a Sacrifice to the Chevalier, who had boasted he would have his Nephew turn'd off, she dismiss'd them both, falling in at that time with *Zerige*'s Advice, as she made him believe; on which a Jest was made, That the Countess *de Fiesque* was going to seal a Discharge

to

to her best Lovers: But the Chevalier was so pressing, by means of her best Friends, that he obtain'd Leave to see her in a fortnight. Upon this the following Couplet was made, which was set to a Saraband.

** Lorsque l'exces d'une tendresse extrême,
Qu'elle à toujours pour son Ami flamand,
Sût obliger la personne que j'aime
Au dur scéllé qui cause mon tourment,
Las ! je pensois, comme il pensoit lui même,
Ne revenir, Philis, qu'au jour du jugement,
Mais ce n'étoit qu'un par banissement.*

* When the Excess of that extreme Tenderess she has always preserv'd for her Flemish Lover was strong enough to oblige the Person I love to seal that severe Decree which causes my Torment, alas ! I thought, as well as he did, *Phillis*, that I should not return till the Day of Judgment, but it was only Banishment for a time.

After five or six months time, during which the Chevalier, too happy in not having his Nephew on his hands, had had the pleasure of loving his *Phillis* without a Rival, some of the Count *de Guiche*'s Friends observ'd to him, that being one of the handsomest young Fellows about the Court, it was a Shame for him to find a Lady cruel, and that the ill Success he had had with the Countess *de Fiesque* had done him a Prejudice in the World. These Reasons determin'd him to make another Tryal. He return'd from the Campaign wounded in his right Hand, but as it was some time since, his Wound, tho' large, did not hinder him from going abroad. When he met the Countess *de Fiesque* in the King's Garden, he was with the Abbé *Fouquet*, a particular Friend of that Lady, who thinking to oblige them, engag'd them in a Conversation tête à tête, and left them alone a good while. The Count *de Guiche* did not mention Love, but his Behaviour and Looks spoké but too plain to the Countess, who understood more than even he had a mind to express. This Conversation ended in a Swoon which the Count *de Guiche* fell into, but was recover'd by the assistance of the Countess *de Fiesque* and

and the Abbé *Fouquet*. They differ'd in Opinion as to the Cause of it; the Abbé *Fouquet* attributed it to his Wound, and the Countess to his Passion. There is nothing a Woman sooner believes than that she is belov'd, because self-love makes her believe she deserves it, and because one as easily believes what one wishes: For these Reasons the Countess *de Fiesque* did not in the least doubt of the Count *de Guiche*'s Passion.

About this time, Madam *d'Olonne*, who was unwilling a young Fellow who was so well made shou'd escape her, desir'd *Grenouville* to introduce the Count *de Guiche* to her, which he did, but his Hour being not yet come, he went away as free as he came, and continued his Designs upon the Countess *de Fiesque*. His Addresses having renew'd the Chevalier *de Grammont*'s Jealousie, the Chevalier had a mind to know on what terms his Nephew was with the Countess *de Fiesque* his Mistress; and for the better counterfeiting, writ the Fair one the following Billet with his left Hand.

LETTER.

ONE is prodigiously awkward with only a poor left Hand; I beg, Madam, to speak to you some time to-day, but let not my dear Uncle know any thing of it, for I should be in danger of my Life, and you your self perhaps would not come off much better.

The Countess *de Fiesque* having read the Billet, bid her Porter order whoever should come for an Answer, to bid his Master send *Manicamp* to her at Three a Clock in the Afternoon. As soon as the Chevalier had receiv'd this Answer, he thought he had enough to convict the Countess *de Fiesque* of the most intimate Correspondence with the Count *de Guiche*, and upon this Answer of hers went to her House. His Rage had so alter'd him, that had the Countess made the least Observation, she had discover'd all at his coming in. Is it long, Madam, said he to her, since you saw the Count *de Guiche*? It is five or six days,

an-

answer'd she. But it is not so long, replied the Chevalier *de Grammont*, since you have had Letters from him. I Letters from the Count *de Guiche*! For what reason should he write to me? Is he in a condition to write to any-body? Have a care what you say, answer'd the Chevalier, for it may be of consequence. Why indeed, said the Countess *de Fiesque*, *Manicamp* has just sent to ask if the Count *de Guiche* might see me to-day, and I have sent him word to come without his Friend. It is true, answer'd the Chevalier abruptly, you have just sent to bid *Manicamp* come without the Count *de Guiche*, but it was upon a Note from the latter that you sent him such word, and I know it, Madam, by no other means than by writing that Note my self, and by being the very Man to whom the Answer was deliver'd. Is it not sufficient to make no Returns to the Passion I have had for you these twelve Years, without preferring before me a little Fellow, who to all appearance has not lov'd you above a fortnight, and who in reality does not love you at all? After this Speech, for a whole quarter of an hour, he behav'd himself like a Madman. The Countess *de Fiesque* seeing her self thus caught, endeavour'd to turn the

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matter to a Jest : But, said she, since you do not doubt of this Intelligence between your Nephew and me, how comes it you did not ask something of more consequence than an Opportunity of seeing me? Ah Madam! cry'd he, I know enough to believe you the most ungrateful of Women, and my self the most unhappy of Men. He had scarce done speaking when *Manicamp* came in, and he retir'd to hide the Disorder he was in. What is the matter, Madam, said *Manicamp*? You look very much discompos'd. The Countess *de Fiesque* told him the Chevalier's Trick, and their Conversation; and after some Discourse upon it, he took his leave, and in an Hour brought her this Letter from the Count *de Guiche*.

L E T T E R.

Lest Counterfeits again prejudice me, and you mistake the Hand and Stile, I was willing to make you acquainted with both; the last is the more difficult to imitate, being dictated by something that is above their Sentiments.

The

The Countess having read it, Good God ! said she, Is your Friend out of his Wits ? I am afraid he is embarking both himself and me in very unnecessary Affairs. Provided you two have a good Understanding, Madam, answer'd *Manicamp*, you can have no ill Affairs. But, reply'd the Countess *de Fiesque*, could he pitch upon no other Resolution than that of being my Lover ? No, Madam, reply'd he, it is impossible for him, and what ought to make you think so, is his returning to the Charge after being beaten ; and this Earnestness proves the violent Necessity he is under of loving you. As he was going on, Company came in that interrupted him ; and *Manicamp* having taken his leave, went immediately to tell his Friend what had pass'd between him and the Countess *de Fiesque*. The Count *de Guiche* imagining the Letter he had sent to the Countess *de Fiesque* was not a sufficient Declaration of his Passion, writ her another that spoke plainer : He gave it *Manicamp*, who as he was carrying it her the next Morning lost it by the way, so that he went back to give the Count *de Guiche* Notice of the Accident that had happen'd ; whereupon
the

the Count writ this Letter to the Countess
de Fiesque.

L E T T E R.

WEre you convinc'd of my *Senti-ments*, you would easily imagine one is but ill satisfied with a Man so negligent as Manicamp. There will be the greatest Quarrel in the World between us, if you do not put a stop to it. Judge what I feel for You, since I break with the best Friend I have without any Reconciliation on my side: But as he has still your Assistance in reserve, and as you are not so angry as I am, I fear he will force me to pardon him by your Interposition.

Manicamp went every where in search of the Countess *de Fiesque*, who was not at home; and having found her at *Nobelle's*, who had Play at his House, I bring good Luck, Madam, said he, to those I sit near: And seating himself by her, very dextrously convey'd his Friend's

Let-

Letter into her Pocket, and some time after went out.

Play being over, the Countess return'd home, and pulling out her Handkerchief found the Count *de Guiche's* Letter seal'd and without any Superscription; and could she have dreamt what it had been, she would not have open'd it; but lest she should be oblig'd not to open it, she was resolv'd not to think of it, and so open'd it hastily without making the least Reflection. All the Countess *de Fiesque's* Vivacity could not let her into the Count *de Guiche's* meaning as to the Displeasure he shew'd against *Manicamp*, so that she order'd one of her People to bid him be with her the next Morning, resolving to chide him for the Letter he had given her from the Count *de Guiche*, and to forbid him bringing any more. The next morning, as he came into her Chamber, her Curiosity made her forget her Anger: Well, said she, let us know this mighty Quarrel between you and your Friend. Why, Madam, said he, I was yesterday bringing you a Letter, and lost it by the way; he is very angry with me, and I know not what to say, for I am to blame. The Countess *de Fiesque* fearing the Letter he had lost might be found by somebody that might make a
Story

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Story of her to divert the Public, Go, said she, look every where for it, and see me no more till you have brought it me. *Manicamp* immediately went away, and return'd in the Evening with the News, that he could find nothing of it; that the Count *de Guiche* refus'd to see him; and, that he was come to beg her to reconcile them. I will do it, said she, tho' you do not deserve it; I shall be to-morrow at Madam *de Cornwall's*, and if he be there, I'll endeavour to make your Peace. Ah Madam! said *Manicamp*, you have so much Goodness, that I do not doubt but you will be concern'd at only having had the Thought of making me languish till to-morrow: I beseech you to put an end to my Uneasiness, and to write me a Letter, which I will give the Count *de Guiche* from you, for I am sure he loves you so well that ——— I write to the Count *de Guiche*! interrupted the Countess *de Fiesque*, you're very pleasant to talk to me after that rate. Tho' we are fallen out, Madam, reply'd *Manicamp*, I cannot help saying, I think he very well deserves that Favour; but do not bring him into this matter, let your Friendship for me obtain this Letter; I promise, that when it has had its effect, I will

will return it you. The Countess *de Fiesque* having made him give her his Word that he would bring her back her Letter the next Morning, writ thus to the Count *de Guiche*.

B I L L E T.

I Write you this only to beg Pardon for poor *Manicamp*; and if I must say more to oblige you to grant it me: Believe what he shall tell you from me, he is too much my Friend to be deny'd any thing that may be of use to him.

The Count *de Guiche* having receiv'd this Billet, found it too kind to be return'd, and thought to get off it by disowning *Manicamp*; however he sent him back with this Answer.

A N.

A N S W E R.

HOW infinitely I wish you had as much Inclination to grant me what I might desire of you, as it was easie to me to grant the Criminal his Pardon : I assure you, that with such a Recommendation it was impossible for me to refuse him any thing. Were I happy enough to give you a Proof of it by something more difficult, you would find you have wrong'd me by doubting the Truth of my Sentiments : They are, I swear to you, as tender as a Person amiable as your self can inspire, and shall always be as discrete as you can wish, let our Governours say what they please of them. I conjure you however to credit the Criminal's Advice ; for tho' he be negligent enough, he deserves to be commended for his Zeal in our Service.

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This Advice was, to be very cautious of the Chevalier *de Grammont*, who did every thing to cross his Nephew, and to make him appear faithless and indiscrete to the Countess. Then *Manicamp* told her, the Count *de Guiche* was so transported with Joy at the Billet she had sent him, that it was impossible for him to get it from him, but that there was no occasion she should be uneasy; That it was as safe in his Friend's hands as in the Fire: In fine, That he had never seen Man more amorous than the Count *de Guiche*; and, That he would certainly love her all his Life. But, interrupted the Countess *de Fiesque*, what mean so many of your Friend's Visits to the Countess *d'Olonne*? Is it to desire her good Offices with me? He does not visit there, Madam, answer'd *Manicamp*, that is, he was there once or twice, but I already see so much of the Chevalier in what you tell me, that I am confident the Count will know it to be his Uncle by this piece of Roguery: But, Madam, you will hear my Friend before you condemn him. Well, I grant it, said she. *Manicamp* rightly judg'd that the Chevalier, in order to supplant his Nephew, had told the Countess *de Fiesque* that
that

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that he was in love with the Countess *d'Olonne*; that she serv'd only for a Pretence, and a thousand things besides of the same nature; which she thought so probable, that tho' she suspected the Chevalier in what related to the Count *de Guiche*, she could not help crediting him on this occasion. The next morning a Friend of hers being come to press her to go into the Country, she was prevail'd on to go. The Assurance she had of the Count *de Guiche's* Treachery made her unwilling to come to any *Eclaircissement* with him, and not to be on all sides a Loser; she resolv'd to engage the Seigneur *d'Hiere* by a false Confidence, lest he should come to the knowledge of every thing by other means: She therefore sent him a Copy of the Count *de Guiche's* last Letter, and then set out with her Friend. The Chevalier, who had an Eye on all the Countess *de Fiesque's* Actions, and had gain'd all her People, had the Pacquet she had sent the Seigneur *d'Hiere* in two hours after it was seal'd: He copy'd the Count *de Guiche's* Letter, and threw the Pacquet into the Fire, and two days after, having learnt that the Countess was gone, writ her this Letter.

LET-

LETTER.

HAD you been as desirous of coming to the Truth of some things which you seem to doubt, as I for a thousand Reasons was of removing from you all manner of Scruples; you had not undertaken so long a Journey, or, at least, you would have shewn some Uneasiness at appearing so complaisant a Friend: Not that I would have you be without Tenderness, but I would willingly have a share in the Application; and I own, that could I be so happy as to obtain it by mine, I should endeavour not to be unworthy of it by my Conduct.

At the same time this Letter was carried to the Countess *de Fiesque*, the Chevalier went to find out his Nephew, where he met *Manicamp*. After a short Prelude of Raillery on the Count *de Guiche*'s good Fortune in general; indeed my good Friends, said he, you are younger and handsomer than I, and I should
ne-

never contend with you for a Mistress, unless I knew her longer than you; yet you your selves must without contesting resign those to me who have already any Engagements with me. Their Vanity, which is flatter'd by a crowd of Admirers, may engage them to give you some Hope; there are few that at first discourage the Vows of those that sigh for them, but sooner or later they hearken to Reason, and 'tis then the new-comer passes his time but ill, and immediately the Gallant, as well as his Mistress, says, Your Servant *Messieues de la Serenade*. You promis'd me, Count *de Guiche*, to give me no more Trouble with the Countess *de Fiesque*, you have broke your Word with me, and have been guilty of a piece of Treachery that has done you no manner of Service, for the Countess has given me all the Letters you sent her; I will shew you the Originals whenever you please: In the mean time here is the Copy of the last which I have brought. And at the same time he pull'd out one of the Count *de Guiche*'s Letters, and having read it, Well, my dear Friends, said he, will you laugh at me again? Whilst the Chevalier was speaking, the Count *de Guiche* and *Manicamp* beheld each other with Amazement, being un-
able

able to comprehend that the Countess *de Fiesque* had so basely betray'd them. At last *Manicamp* taking up the Discourse, and directing himself to the Count *de Guiche*, You have been treated, said he, as you deserv'd: But since the Countess *de Fiesque* has had no Regard for us, continued he, turning to the Chevalier, we are not oblig'd to have any for her, we plainly perceive that she has sacrificed us; but you have been serv'd so too, we have great reason to complain of her Usage; but you have none at all to value your self upon it; and if we have diverted our selves at your Expence, she had at least an equal share in the Diversion. It is true, resum'd the Count *de Guiche*, you would have no reason to be satisfied with the preference the Countess *de Fiesque* has given you, did you know the Esteem she has for you; and this proves infallibly, that she is very much in your Power, since after what she has said to me, she betrays me only for your satisfaction. Well, Chevalier, enjoy the Perfidious in Repose; if no body molests you but me, you will live happy with her.

Upon this, being all sincerely reconcil'd, and having given each other a thousand Assurances of Friendship for the future, they parted. The Count *de Guiche* and

and *Manicamp* shut themselves up to write the Countess *de Fiesque* a Letter full of Reproaches in *Manicamp's* Name ; but she, who was innocent, wrote him an Answer, That he and his Friend had been cheated ; and, That the Chevalier knew more of the matter than they did ; That she could not tell them how he came by the Letter he shew'd them, but that one time or other she would make them sensible that she had not sacrific'd them. This Letter not finding *Manicamp* at *Paris*, who was gone the Night before with the Count *de Guiche*, to attend *Lewis XIV.* in his Journey to *Liens*, he did not receive it till he came to Court, and thought no more of the Countess *de Fiesque*.

Whilst all this pass'd, the Prince *de Marillac* still carried on his Correspondence with the Countess *d'Olonne*. The Lover saw her with the greatest convenience that could be, at Night at her own House, and in the Day at Madam *de Cornwall's*, a very fine Woman, and who had a great deal of Wit.

The Countess *d'Olonne* had a Closet at her Bed-side, at the corner of which she had made a Trap-door that open'd upon another Closet underneath, at which the Prince *de Marillac* came in
when

when it was Night; a Carpet hid the Trap-door, and a Table stood upon it. Thus the Prince pass'd the Night with his Mistress, and, as the World said, had not much Sleep there. This lasted till she went to drink the Waters; and whilst she was there, he writ her a thousand Billets, which we do not give the Reader, because not worth the while. He writ her this the Day before he took his leave of her.

LETTER.

I Never felt a Grief so violent, my Dear, as what I feel to-day, not having been from you since the beginning of our Passion: Nothing but Absence; and a first Absence like this, could have reduced me to the deplorable Condition I am in. If any thing could calm my Uneasiness, my Dear, it would be my believing you suffer'd as much as my self. Take not ill my wishing you in Pain, 'tis a sign of my Affection. Adieu. Believe firmly that I love you, and that I will always love you; for were you
once

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once thoroughly perswaded of it, it would be impossible for you not to love me all your Life.

A N S W E R.

BE easie, my Dear, if my Grief can make you so, for it is at the height you could wish it: I can no otherwise convince you of it, than by telling you that I wish you may love me as much as I do you. Have you any Doubt of it, my Dear? Come and see me, but come early, that I may have the more Time with you, and may in some measure make up for the Absence I am to bear. Adieu, my Dear: Make your self easie as to my Love, it will be, at least, as great as yours.

The Prince *de Marillac* did not fail of being at the Place appointed much sooner than ordinary, and coming up to his Mistress, threw himself upon the Bed, where he lay a good while bath'd in Tears without being able to speak. The Countess *d'Olonne* on her side did not ap-
pear

appear less mov'd, but as she could have wish'd other Proofs of Passion from her Lover than those of his Grief, How, my Dear! said she, you sent me word that my Grief wou'd ease yours, and yet the Affliction you see me in does not at all lessen your Sorrow. At these words the Prince *de Marillac* redoubled his Sighs without making her any Answer: His Dejection of Mind had occasion'd that of his Body, and I believe the Lover mourned the absence of his Vigour rather than that of his Mistress; however, as young People, tho' far gone, still come to themselves, he being of a good Constitution, began to gather Strength, and recover'd in a little time, so that the Countess *d'Olonne* had all the reason in the World to be satisfied with him. After he had given her a thousand Proofs of perfect Health, she charg'd him to take care of it above all things, and told him, She should judge by that of his Love for her: Thereupon they made each other a thousand Protestations of loving one-another all their Lives. They agreed upon the means of writing, and took their leave of each other, the one for Court, and the other for her Journey to *Bourbon*.

The Day after the Prince *de Marillac* being to take his leave of Madam *de Cornwall*, he beg'd her to perswade his Mistress to take more care of her Conduct than she had hitherto done. Rely upon me, said the young Lady, if she be not quite spoil'd, I shall certainly set her right. Two days after Madam *de Cornwall* went to the Countess *d'Olonne's*, where she staid the whole day, which she employ'd in giving her Instructions for regulating her Conduct, and especially recommended to her the Fidelity she ow'd her Lover.

When she had done speaking, Good God! said the Countess *d'Olonne*, the fine things you have told me, but how difficult are they to practise! nay, methinks there is a little Injustice in them; for, in short, since we deceive even our Husbands, whom the Laws have made our Masters, why should our Lovers come off so well, they whom we are no way oblig'd to love, but from the Esteem we have for them, and whom we take to be our Slaves for as long or as little a time as we please? I did not say, reply'd Madam *de Cornwall*, that we ought not to quit our Lovers when they displease us, either by some Fault of theirs, or by our own Disgust, but I shew'd you in
how

how delicate a manner we ought to disengage our selves to avoid giving the World any ground of ruining our Reputation; for, in short, Madam, since the Tyranny of Custom has plac'd the Honour of our Sex in not loving what we think amiable, we must give way to it; and since we are to love, at least conceal it. Well, my Dear, reply'd the Countess *d'Olonne*, you shall see me do Wonders, I am resolv'd upon it; but for all this, I found the greatest hopes of my Behaviour upon avoiding Opportunities. Be it avoiding or resisting them, reply'd Madam *de Cornwall*, it matters not, provided your Lover be satisfied with you. And thereupon, after exhorting her to continue firm in those good Intentions, she took her leave.

The Countess *d'Olonne* and the Prince *de Marfillac*, during their Absence, often writ to each other; but as nothing remarkable happen'd, I shall take no notice of their Letters, which spoke of nothing but their Love and the Impatience they were in to see each other again. The Countess *d'Olonne* return'd to *Paris* first, the Count *de Guiche*, who was also return'd thither from Court, began to make frequent Visits to this Fair one. The Count, - in the *Lions* Journey, had

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been perswading the Duke of *Anjou*, *Lewis* the XIV's Brother, with whom he was much in favour, to have an Intrigue with the Countess *d'Olonne* at his return to *Paris*, and offer'd to serve him in it, and in a short time to get the Countess to consent to it. The Prince had promis'd to take the necessary measures, so that in all the Conversations the Count *de Guiche* had with the Countess *d'Olonne* he talk'd of nothing else but the Duke of *Anjou*'s Passion for her. He told her, he had mention'd it to him above an hundred times in the Journey; and, that she wou'd certainly see him sighing at her Feet as soon as he return'd. A Woman who had been in love with nothing but Cits. and private Gentlemen, some very handsome, some very ugly, might well love a Prince that was so agreeable.

The Countess *d'Olonne* receiv'd the Count *de Guiche*'s Proposal with a Joy not to be express'd, and so great, that she did not stand even upon those Forms that Coquets generally do: Any other would have said she had no Inclination to love any body at all, but a Prince, much less than any other; because it would be impossible for him to be fix'd.

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The Countess *d'Olonne*, who of all Women had the least Disguise, and the greatest Eagerness, kept no Decorum, but told the Count *de Guiche*, She had a much better Opinion of her self than she used to have, since she was agreeable to so great a Prince, and so reasonable.

When the Court was come back to *Paris*, the Duke of *Anjou* did not attack the Countess *d'Olonne* with that Vigour for which he had been prepar'd by the Count *de Guiche*, the faintness of his Addresses did no more than convince her of the Indifference he had for her.

The Count *de Guiche* finding the Duke did not catch at the Bait, chang'd his Design, and had a mind the Services he had endeavour'd to do the Countess *d'Olonne* should stand him in some stead, at least with her : he resolv'd to declare himself her Lover, and because their Correspondence on account of the pretended Amour of the Duke of *Anjou* had given him a great deal of Freedom and Familiarity, he made no scruple of writing her the following Letter.

L E T T E R.

Hitherto, Madam, we have labour'd in vain: The Queen hates You, and the Duke of Anjou is afraid of displeasing her; I am heartily sorry for it, for your sake: But you, Madam, can make me easie under it if you please; and, I conjure you to do it; since the Mother's natural Peevishness, and the Son's Weakness have ruin'd my Designs, we must enter into other measures. Let us love, Madam, it is already resolv'd on my side; and had the Duke of Anjou lov'd you, I plainly perceive I should have fallen out with him, because I could not have resisted the Inclination I have for you. I do not doubt, Madam, but the Difference between him and me shocks you at the first Thought; but lay aside your Ambition, and you will not find your self so unhappy as you imagin; and I am well assur'd, that when Resentment shall have thrown you into my Arms, Love will keep you there.

What-

Whatever they may say against Women, there is more Imprudence than ill-Nature in their Conduct; few of them think, when a Man talks to them of Love, that they shall ever be in Love. However they go farther than they think, they act as if they were always to be cruel, which they heartily repent of when they are become more compassionate: Thus it happen'd with the Countess *d'Olonne*; she was insupportably chagrin'd at missing a Heart she had reckon'd in the number of her Conquests, and to amuse her Grief, endeavour'd to find somebody to lay the blame on. She thought it reasonable to believe that the Count *de Guiche*, for his own Interest, had prevented the Duke of *Anjou's* loving her; so that, to be reveng'd of him for it, and secure her self again of the Prince *de Marillac*, whom this Intrigue had strangely alarm'd, she made a Sacrifice to him of the Count *de Guiche's* Letter, without considering that Love might oblige her to do the same by those of the Prince *de Marillac*. The latter, to whom the Countess *d'Olonne* granted so many Favours, behav'd himself like a Man very well pleas'd with his Mistress; He thank'd her a thousand times for her Sincerity, and

contented himself with a Triumph over his Rival, without aiming at an indiscreet Reputation from it.

However, the Count *de Guiche*, who knew not the Fate of his Letter, went the next *Sunday* to the Countess *d'Olonne's*; but so much Company came in that day that he could not talk to her of Business, only he observ'd she ey'd him very much; from whence he went to give the Countess *de Fiesque* an account of it, and from whom he conceal'd nothing since his return from *Lions*. He likewise told his Affair to Monsieur *de Vinevil*, who both separately were of Opinion, from the Lady's Frailty and the Knight's Gentleness, that his Pursuit would be neither long nor ineffectual; and indeed, the Countess *d'Olonne* had entertain'd so good an Opinion of the Count *de Guiche's* Person, that she repented of the Sacrifice she had just made of him to the Prince *de Marsillac*. The next day the Count *de Guiche* made her another Visit, and finding her alone, declar'd his Passion to her. The Fair one was overjoy'd at it, and receiv'd it the most agreeably in the World: But after having agreed upon a reciprocal Passion, as they were settling certain Conditions, Company came in,
which

which oblig'd the Count *de Guiche* to take his leave immediately after.

The Countess *d'Olonne* too having disengag'd her self from her Company as soon as she could, took Coach; and having a mind to discover whether the Countess *de Fiesque* did not still pretend to some Interest in the Count *de Guiche*, went to see her. After some Chat upon other Subjects, she ask'd her Opinion as to the Design she told her the Count *de Guiche* had upon her. The Countess *de Fiesque* answer'd her, That her own Heart was the properest to be consulted on such an occasion. My Heart does not say much to me in the Count *de Guiche*'s favour, said the Countess *d'Olonne*, and my Reason says a thousand things against him; he is a heedless Fellow, and I never will love him: And with this took her leave without waiting an Answer.

On the other side, the Count *de Guiche* being got home, met Monsieur *de Vineuil* there, who waited his coming with an extreme Impatience, to learn the state of his Affairs. The Count *de Guiche* told him coldly, He believ'd all was broke off, by the manner the Countess *d'Olonne* treated him in. And as Monsieur *de Vineuil* was endeavouring to know the particulars of his Conversation, the Count

de Guiche, who was afraid of discovering himself, chang'd the Subject every moment, which gave some Suspicion to Monsieur *de Vinevil*, who was cunning, and in love with the Countess *d'Olonne* himself, and enter'd into the Count *de Guiche's* Affairs only to make an advantage of what he should learn in his Designs upon his Mistress. He came away, finding he could bring him to no Confession, and was two whole Days in a mortal Uneasiness, upon his not being able to come to the knowledge of what he wanted. He went to the Countess *de Fiesque's* with the Countenance of a Man out of favour, when he found the Count *de Guiche* no longer gave him any share in the honour of his Confidence, but said nothing of it to the Fair, not to disgrace himself by discovering his Misfortune. Three days after this, being at the Count *de Guiche's* on a Visit, What have I done, Sir, said he, to make you treat me thus? I see plainly you make a Secret to me of your Affair with the Countess *d'Olonne*, tell me the reason of it; or if you have none, continue to favour me with your Confidence, as you used to do. I beg your pardon, poor Monsieur *de Vinevil*, said the Count *de Guiche*; but the Countess *d'Olonne*, when she granted me the
last

last Favour, absolutely requir'd me not to mention it to you, and to the Countess *de Fiesque*, the last of any in the World, because she said you were a Man of no Honour, and the Countess *de Fiesque* jealous: However indiscrete one is, there's no Affair one does not keep to one's self at first, when one has succeeded without the assistance of a Confidant. I find it so with me to-day, for I am naturally fond enough of telling an Intrigue, yet I have been three days without telling this even to you, from whom I conceal nothing; but have Patience, my Dear, and I will give you an Account of every thing that has pass'd between the Countess *d'Olonne* and my self, and that in the most particular manner, to make up in some measure for the Crime I have committed against the Friendship I have for you.

You must know then, that at the first Visit I made her, after writing her the Letter you saw, she appear'd neither kind nor cruel, and the Company that was with her prevented any farther explanation: All I could observe of her was, that she run me over several times from Head to Foot. Finding her alone the next day, I so effectually laid before her my Passion, and so strongly press'd her
to

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to answer it, that she own'd she loved me, and promis'd to give me Proofs of it, on the Condition I told you. You know very well I could do no less than promise it, and the same moment the Countess *d'Olonne* bid me come a little before Night disguis'd like a Girl who brought her Lace to sell. Being got home, you know, I found you there; and you might well think, by my coldness to you, that all the World was at that time troublesome to me, and particularly you, my Dear, whom I had greater reason to distrust than any-body else. You perceiv'd it too, which made you suspect I had not told you all. As soon as you was gone, I gave my Porter Orders to say I was not at home, and prepar'd for my next day's Masquerade. I had for Four and twenty hours all the Pleasure the Imagination can give beforehand; the four or five last seem'd longer to me than all the rest. In fine, that which I so impatiently expected being come, I made them carry me to the Countess *d'Olonne's*: I found her laid down in a Suit of Nightcloths and a Rose-colour'd Wrapper. I cannot express to you, my Dear, how handsom she was that day; whatever can be said will not come up to her Charms: Her Neck was half bare; she

she had more Hair out than usual, and all of it in Buckles; her Eyes were brighter than Stars, and Love had animated her Complexion with the finest red in the World. Well, my Dear, said she, will you thank me for saving you the trouble of sighing long for me? Do you think I have made you buy my Favours too dear? But what! you seem to be struck dumb! Ah, Madam! interrupted I, I should be stupid indeed, could I have a drop of cold Blood in me at the appearance you make. But may I assure myself, said she, that you have lost all Remembrance of Madam *de Beauvais* and the Countess *de Fiesque*? Yes, said I, you see I have almost forgot my self. It is for the future only, reply'd she, that I am afraid; for, for the present, I am much mistaken, my Dear, if I let you think of any-body but my self: And at these words threw her self about my Neck, and clasping me in her Arms, pull'd me upon her on the Bed. In this Posture we kiss'd each other a thousand times: She did not intend to stop here, and was for something more solid, but on my side with very bad Success: One should know one's self, Monsieur *de Vineuil*, and what one is fit for; for my part, I find I am not made for the Ladies.

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dies. It was impossible for me to come off honourably, notwithstanding all the Efforts of my Imagination, and the Idea which the presence of the most agreeable Object on Earth gave me. What is the matter Sir, said she, who has reduced you to this poor condition? Is it my Person that disgusts you? or, Do you bring me the leavings of another? These Words gave me so much Shame, that they robb'd me of all the Strength I had left. I beseech you, said I, not to load a miserable Man with Reproaches, for certainly I am bewitch'd. Instead of answering me, she call'd her Woman; *Quinette*, said she, now tell me truly how I am to-day? Am I not ill drest? Do not deceive your Mistress, I have something about me not right. *Quinette* not daring to answer in the Passion she saw her in, the Countess *d'Olonne* snatch'd a Glass out of her Hand, and after trying over all the Airs she us'd to put on when she would make a Conquest, to see if my Impotence was owing to her self or to me, she shook her Petticoat, which was a little tumbled, and hastily made into a Closet she had at her Bed-side. As for my self, who remain'd like one condemn'd, I ask'd my self if what had pass'd was not a Dream, with all those

Re-

Reflections a Man can make in such a conjuncture. I went to *Manicamp's*, and having told him my Adventure, I am much oblig'd to you, my Dear, said he, for 'tis for my sake you have been so insensible with so fine a Woman. Tho' perhaps you may be the Cause, said I, I did not do it to oblige you. I love you much, added I, but I own to you, that in this Affair I forgot you: I cannot account for so extraordinary a weakness; I believe that in laying aside Man's Clothes I put off the Vigour of one, that part is dead in me, by which I have been hitherto a sort of *Hercules*. As I was saying these words, one of my People brought me a Letter from the Countess *d'Olonne* that one of her Servants had given him; here it is in my Pocket, I will read it you. The Count *de Guiche* pulling it out, read it to Monsieur *de Vinevil*.

LETTER.

Were I immoderately fond of the Pleasures of the Flesh, I should complain of being deceiv'd; but far from complaining of it, I am oblig'd to your
Weak-

Weakness: instead of that Pleasure you were not able to give me, it made me taste others by the force of Imagination, which lasted longer than those you had given me, had you acted like another Man. However, I now send to know how you do, in case you were able to get home: 'Tis not without Reason I ask you the Question, for I never saw you in so bad a condition as that I left you in. I advise you to set your Affairs in order, with the small share of natural Heat you had left, you cannot live long. Indeed, Sir, I must pity you; and how great soever the Affront is that I have receiv'd from you, I cannot help giving you a piece of wholsom Advice. Avoid Manicamp, if you are wise; You may recover if you keep from him any time: He is certainly the Cause of this Weakness; for as to me (who am belied neither by my Glass, nor my Reputation) I have no Apprehensions of being accus'd of it.

I had

I had no sooner read this Letter, added the Count de Guiche, than I return'd this Answer.

A N S W E R.

I Own, Madam, I have been guilty of many Faults, for I am a Man, and Young too, but never so great a one as that of last Night : There can be no Excuse for it, and You can condemn me to no Punishment but what I have deserv'd. I have committed Murther, Treason, and Sacrilege, and you have no more to do than to invent Punishments for all these Crimes : If you are determin'd on my Death, I will wait on you with my Sword; if you condemn me only to the Whip, I will wait on you naked in my Shirt. Remember, Madam, however, that my Power fail'd me, not my Will. My Case was that of a brave Soldier marching to the Combat without Arms : To tell you, Madam, how this happen'd would be a very hard Task ; perhaps it was with me as with them whose Appetite palls upon
the

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the sight of too much Viſtuals; perhaps the ſtrength of Imagination waſted that of Nature. See, Madam, what it is to cauſe ſo much Love; an ordinary Beauty had not ſo much diſturb'd the Order of Nature, and had been better ſatisfied. Adieu, Madam, I have nothing more to ſay, than that perhaps you would pardon me what is paſt, if you could give me an Opportunity of performing better for the future; and for this I aſk no longer time than To-morrow at the ſame Hour as Yeſterday.

After having ſent one of my Men with theſe fine Promiſes to the Counteſs's Servant, who waited for an Answer, I went to her at the Hour appointed, not doubting but my Offers would be well receiv'd; but firſt I intended to take a particular Care of my Perſon. I bath'd, and made them rub me with Eſſences and Perfumes; I eat new-laid Eggs and Artichoke-bottoms; I drank a little Wine, then I took five or ſix turns in my Room, and went to Bed without *Manicamp*: The reparation of my Fault ran in my Head; I ſhun'd my Friends as I would the Plague:

Plague: In short, rising brisk both in Body and Mind, I dined early, and as lightly as I had supp'd; and having employ'd the Afternoon in ordering my little Equipage of Love, I went to the Countess *d'Otonne's* at the same Hour as before. I found her upon the same Bed, which I fear'd boded me no good; but at last recovering my self the best I could, I threw my self at her Feet. She was half undress'd, with a Fan in her Hand she was playing with. As soon as she saw me, she blush'd a little at the remembrance, no doubt, of the Affront she had receiv'd the Night before; and *Quinette* leaving us, I presently seated my self on the Bed by her. The first thing she did was to hold her Fan before her Eyes, and being harden'd by it, as much as if there had been a Wall between us, Well, said she, poor Paralytic, are you come whole to-day? Ah Madam! answer'd I, let us talk no more of what is past; and with that I threw my self desperately into her Arms: I kiss'd her a thousand times, and begg'd her to let me see her quite naked. After a slight resistance, more to encrease my Desires, and to affect that Modesty so agreeable in Women, than out of any Distrust of her self, she permitted me to see what I would. I beheld

held a Body plump, of the best proportion and finest white in the World. After this I began again to embrace her; already might our Kisses be heard, already our Arms interwoven, express'd the highest tenderness of Love; already had the mixture of our Souls made the union of our Bodies; when she perceiv'd the poor condition I was in. It was then that, seeing I continued to affront her, she thought of nothing but Vengeance: She loaded me with the most abusive Language, and the most violent Threats. For my part, without praying or complaining, I went away abruptly, and retir'd home; where being got to Bed, I turn'd all my Rage against the Cause of my Misfortunes.

*D'un juste dépôt tout plein
 Je pris un rasoir en main,
 Mais mon envie étoit vain,
 Puisque l'auteur de ma peine,
 Que la pour avoit-glacé
 Tout malotru, tout plissé
 Comme allant chercher son antre
 S'étoit suavé dans mon ventrê.*

Being

Being able to do nothing to it, Rage made me accost it to this effect. Well, Traytor, what hast thou to say? Infamous part of me, and truly shameful! for we should be very ridiculous to call thee otherwise, have I ever given thee cause to treat me thus, to occasion me the cruell'st Affront in the World! to make me abuse Favours bestow'd on me! and at Two and twenty to betray the weakness of Old-age! But it was in vain that Anger put me upon speaking thus.

L'Oeil attaché sur le plancher

Rien ne le sauroit toucher

Aussi lui faire des reproches

C'est justement en faire aux roches.

I passed the rest of the Night in the most mortal Disquiets; I knew not whether I should write to the Countess *d'Olonne*, or surprize her with an unexpected Visit: At last, after balancing a long time, I resolv'd upon the latter, at the hazard of meeting some Obstacle to my Pleasure; but I had the good Fortune to
find

find her alone just as it grew dark. She was just got to Bed; and going into the Room, Madam, said I, I am come either to die at your Feet, or to give you Satisfaction; be not angry, I beseech you, before you are sure I deserve it. The Countess *d'Olonne*, who fear'd as much as my self such another Misfortune had already befallen me, far from frightening me with Reproaches, said all she could to recall my Assurance, which I had almost lost; and, in effect, if I was bewitch'd two days before, I broke the Charm the third time. You easily imagine, my Dear, added the Count *de Guiche*, she said no more disobliging things to me at parting as she had done before. This is the state of my Affairs, which I desire you to seem ignorant of. Monsieur *de Vinevil* promis'd him he would, and so they parted. The Count *de Guiche* went to the Countess *de Fiesque's*, whom (amongst other things) he told, he had no further thoughts of the Countess *d'Olonne*.

The Lover was not long with his new Mistress ere the Prince *de Marsillac* perceiv'd it: Whatever care he took to deceive him, and however small a portion of Sense he had, Jealousie, which often supplies the place of Cunning, made him discover in her less Empressement for him

him than she was us'd to do; so that, having first complain'd to her of it in softer terms, and afterwards more sharply, and seeing she went on nevertheless, he resolv'd at once to be reveng'd on his Rival and his Mistress: He therefore gave all his Friends the Countess d'Olonne's Letters, and begg'd them to shew them every where; and knowing the Princess *Leonora* had an unconquerable Aversion to the Count *de Guiche*, he gave her the Letter he had written his Mistress, wherein he spoke very disrespectfully of the Queen and the Duke of *Anjou*. The first thing the Princess did, was to shew that Prince the Letter, thinking to exasperate the Prince against him the more, knowing how much he lov'd him; yet his Resentment did not break out with that Violence the Prince expected. He was satisfied with telling *Estebar* that his Cousin was ungrateful, and that he had never given him any reason to speak of him as he did; That his Resentment would end in no longer esteeming him as he us'd to do; but should the Queen know how he had spoken of her, she would not consider him so much as he had done.

The

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The Princess being dissatisfied with the Prince's great Goodness to the Count *de Guiche*, resolv'd to speak of it to the Queen; and as she had mention'd her Design to somebody, the Mareschal *de Grammont*, who was inform'd of it, begged her not to push the matter against his Son: She promis'd him she would not, and kept her Word. This Great Princess was haughty, and did not easily pardon those who had been wanting in their Respect due to her high Birth and extraordinary Merit, but when once she was perswaded she was belov'd, there was nothing so good as she was.

Whilst the Mareschal *de Grammont* and his Friends were endeavouring to stifle the Noise the Prince *de Marsillac* had made with the Count *de Guiche*'s Letter, they were told that the Countess *d'Olonne* was exposing this in order to break off a Marriage that was to make the Prince *de Marsillac*'s Fortune.

LET-

LETTER.

DO you never consider, Madam, the Constraint I am under? Twice or thrice a Week I am oblig'd to visit Mademoiselle de la Roche, to talk to her as if I lov'd her, and to spend with her those Hours I ought only to imploy in seeing You, in writing to You, and thinking of You. Whatever state I were in, it would be very disagreeable to me to be oblig'd to entertain a Child; but now, when I live only for you, you may well think 'tis Death to me. What in some measure gives me Patience, is, that I hope to be reveng'd by marrying her without loving her; and that afterwards having a nearer View of the Difference between your self and her, I shall love you all my Life, and still more, if possible, than at present.

This immediately surpriz'd all the World; for tho' it was not the first time
F the

the Men had been found in discreet in their Amours, yet this was the first instance of a Lady's being so: It could not be imagin'd that a Woman, to be reveng'd of a Man she did not love, should lend a helping Hand to her own Conviction. This piece of Indiscretion however had not the effect the Countess *d'Olonne* had promis'd her self; the Seigneur *de Linancourt*, Grandfather to Mademoiselle *de la Roche*, knowing that the Countess *d'Olonne* had a mind to incense him against the Prince *de Marillac*, answer'd those who mention'd the Letter to him, That bating the Offence against God, the Prince *de Marillac* could not do better, young as he was, than to apply himself to gain the Heart of so fine a Woman as the Countess *d'Olonne*; That this was not the first time Women had been decry'd in a Mistress's Ruelle; but that, as the Passion for them was much stronger than for others, it was seldom so lasting; as, for example, that of the Prince *de Marillac* for the Countess *d'Olonne*, which was quite over. This then did not ruin the Prince *de Marillac*'s Affairs, as she had hoped it would, she thereby only confirm'd whatever could be said of her, and depriv'd her Friends of the Means of defending her.

Things

Things being upon these terms, and the Count *de Guiche* remaining Master of the Field in appearance, Madam *d'Olonne* went one Night to see the Countess *de Fiesque*, and after some Discourse upon generals, desir'd her to make her Acknowledgments to the Abbé *Fouquet* for some Service she pretended he had done her, but to be sure to enhaunce the Obligation she had to him. As he is one of the chief Characters in this History, it will be proper to give an account of his Person.

The Abbé *Fouquet*, Brother to the King's Solicitor, Grand Treasurer of the *Gauls*, was originally an *Andegavian*, of a Family of the long Robe before his good Fortune, but since as much a Gentleman as the King. His Eyes were blue and lively, his Nose well made, his Forehead large, his Chin a little turning up, the make of his Face flat, his Hair of a light Chestnut; he was of but an indifferent Shape, and a mean Look; he had Wit, but knew not how to behave; he was bashful and confus'd, and his Conduct was the farthest in the World from his Profession; he was active, ambitious, and haughty to Strangers, but the warmest and best Friend in the World. He first embark'd in Amours more from Vanity

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than Love, but afterwards Love had gain'd the superiority. The first Woman he had lov'd was *Bellamira*, of the House of *Lotharingia*, by whom he had been much belov'd ; the other was *Madam de Châtillon*, who in her Favours to him had much more consider'd her Interest than her Pleasure. As she was one of the most extraordinary Women in *France*, let us see the Series of her Life.

*The End of the History of the Countess
d'Olonne.*





THE
HISTORY
OF

Monf. and Madam *de Châtillon*.



MAdam *de Châtillon*, Daughter of the Seigneur *de Bouteville*, who was beheaded for fighting a Duel contrary to the Edicts of *Lewis XIV's* Father, Wife of Monsieur *de Châtillon*, had black brisk Eyes, a small Forehead, a handfom Nose, a small, red, and pouting Mouth, what sort of Complexion she pleas'd, but generally she chose it red

and white, a charming Laugh, and such as would waken a tenderness from the bottom of the Heart. She had very black Hair, was of a fine Size, had a good Air; her Hands were long, lean and black, and her Arms of the same colour and square, which promis'd but ill for those Parts that were out of sight. She was of a sweet, affable, fawning Temper, and full of Contrivance; but however she was prepossess'd by these ill Qualities, when she had a mind to please, it was impossible to help loving her: She had some ways that charm'd, and others that drew on her the Contempt of the whole World. For Money or Honours she would have dishonour'd her self, and sacrific'd Father, Mother, and Lover. Monsieur *de Châtillon*, after the Death of *Irondates* her Father, and her eldest Brother, fell in love with Madam *de Châtillon*; and because the Prince of *Conde* was fallen in love with her too, he begg'd him to desist, because he intended nothing but Gallantry, but himself design'd Marriage. The Prince of *Conde* being related as well as a Friend to Monsieur *de Châtillon*, could not handsomely refuse this Request, and as his Passion was but in the birth, he had no great trouble in getting rid of it, and promis'd Monsieur *de Châtillon*, not only

to

to think no more of it, but to serve him in the Affair against the Marechal his Father and his Relations, who were against it. And indeed, in spite of all the Decrees of the Parliament, and the Obstacles which the Marechal his Father could raise against it, the Prince of *Conde* so effectually assisted Monsieur *de Châtillon*, then so call'd by his elder Brother's Death, that he got Madam *de Châtillon* carried off for him, and lent him Twenty thousand Livres for her subsistence. Monsieur *de Châtillon* conducted his Mistress to *Château Thierry*, where he consummated the Marriage. From thence they went to *Stenai*, a Place of Security which the Prince of *Conde*, to whom it belong'd, had given them to retire to. But whether Monsieur *de Châtillon* did not find the Lady's Person answer his Expectations, or whether Love, which he was cloy'd with, gave him time to reflect on the ill state of his Affairs, or that he was afraid he had communicated his Distemper to his Wife, a terrible Chagrin seiz'd him the day after the Wedding, and continued on him so strong during his continuance at *Stenai*, that he stirr'd out of the Woods no more than a wild Beast. Three or four days after he went to the Army, and his Wife into a Convent two

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leagues from *Paris*: It was there *Vasconie* who knew his Necessities, sent him a thousand Pistoles, and Monsieur *de Vinevil* two thousand Crowns; which still remain unpaid, tho' Madam *de Châtillon* be rich, and this Money was employ'd to her use.

Monsieur *de Châtillon*'s want of Age when he married Madam *de Châtillon* making his Marriage invalid, and being of age at his return, the Marriage-Contract was pass'd in the Palace the Prince of *Conde* had at *Paris*, before all Madam *de Châtillon*'s Relations, and they were at last married at *Notre-Dame* by Monsieur the Coadjutor. Some time after, Madam *de Châtillon* finding her self indispos'd, went to drink the Waters, where the Duke *de Nemours* fell in love with her.

The Duke's Hair was very fair, his Nose handsom, his Mouth small and of a good colour; he had the prettiest Shape in the World, and in his least Actions a Grace never sufficiently to be admir'd; he had a spritely diverting Wit. The Freedom of seeing each other every hour, which Custom has introduc'd into places where they drink the Waters, gave the Duke *de Nemours* a thousand Occasions of discovering his Passion to his Mistress; but knowing a Love-affair can never proceed regularly without a Déclaration by

Word

Word of Mouth, or by Letter; he resolv'd to speak. One day when he was alone with her, 'Tis more than a week Madam, said he to her, that I have been considering whether or no I should tell you what I feel for you; and now I am at last determin'd to speak of it, it is not without a view of the Difficulties I may meet with in my Design. I do my self Justice, Madam, and for this reason I ought to have no Hopes: Besides, you have just married a Favourite-Lover; it is a difficult Attempt to remove him from your Heart, and to gain his place: Yet I love you, Madam, and should you be oblig'd, not to be ungrateful, to make use of this Reason against me, I own to you that it is my Destiny, and not my Choice, that obliges me to love you.

Madam *de Châtillon* had never been sensible of so much Joy as this Speech gave her: Indeed the Duke appear'd to her so amiable, that had it been the Custom for the Ladies to have declar'd first, she had not waited so long as her Lover did; but the fear of not appearing coy enough perplex'd her so much, that she was some time without knowing what Answer to make: At last endeavouring to speak, and to hide the Disorder her Silence discover'd; You are in the right, Sir, said

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she with all the affected Airs that could be, to think I love my Husband exceedingly; but allow me the liberty of telling you, that you are in the wrong to be so modest on your own score, and were one in a condition to acknowledge the goodness you have for People, you would find you had a greater share in their Esteem than you imagin. Madam, reply'd the Duke *de Nemours*, it will be your fault if I am not the finest Gentleman in *France*. Scarce had he done speaking when the Countess *de Mora* came into the Room, before whom it was necessary to shift the Discourse. Tho' the two Lovers did not change Countenance, yet their Perplexity made the Lady think their Affair was forwarder than it was, and for that reason she was preparing to shorten her Visit, when the Duke *de Nemours* prevented her. This amorous and discrete Prince, being very sensible that he play'd but an awkward Part before so clear-sighted a Woman as the Countess *de Mora*; took his leave, and went home to write her the following Letter.

LET.

L E T T E R.

I Leave you, Madam, to be more with you than I was : The Countess de Mora observ'd me, and I durst not look at you, I was even afraid, knowing her Penetration, that this Affectation might betray me ; for, in short, Madam, it is so well known one must look at you whilst one is with you, that it is suspected whoever does not look at you has some Design in it. If I do not see you now, Madam, they cannot perceive that I am in Love, and I have the liberty of telling it to You only : But how happy should I be, could I perswade you of the violence of my Passion ! And in that case how unjust would you be, Madam, if you had not some Goodness for me !

Madam de Châtillon found herself very much stagger'd at reading this Letter ; she knew not which side to take, whether the soft or the severe ; the one might lose her the Heart of her Lover, the other his Esteem, and either of them discourage

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courage him : At length she resolv'd to pursue the most difficult, as being the most reputable, and against the Dictates of her Heart, prefer'd those of her Reason. She sent the Duke *de Nemours* no Answer, and the next morning as he enter'd her Chamber, Are you come again, my Lord, said she, to commit some fresh Offence, because one is as good-humour'd as one looks ? Think you that you have no more to do than to make your Attempts upon People ? If one need only be rude to gain your Esteem, possibly one may be desirous enough of it to constrain one's self for some time : Yes, Sir, we shall be haughty, and I see plainly we must be so with you. These words were like a Clap of Thunder to the poor Lover ; the Tears came into his Eyes, and those Tears pleaded much more powerfully for him than any thing he could say. After remaining silent for a moment.

I am extreamly concern'd, Madam, answer'd he, to see you are angry, and I wish I were dead, since I have displeas'd you : You shall see, Madam, by the Revenge I am determin'd to take for the Offence you have receiv'd, that your Concerns are much dearer to me than my own ; I will go so far from you, Madam,
that

that my Love shall never trouble you again. That is not what I ask, interrupted the Fair, you may still stay here without disobliging me: Cannot you see me without telling me you love me, or at least without writing me so? No, Madam, reply'd he, that is impossible for me. Well, Sir, see me then, reply'd Madam *de Châtillon*, I consent to it, but take notice how much one does for you. Ah Madam, interrupted the Duke *de Nemours*, throwing himself at her Feet, if I have adored you all cruel as you were, judge what I shall do when you shall have any Indulgence for me; I beg of you, Madam, to imagine it your self, for I cannot express to you what I feel.

This Conversation did not end as it began, Madam *de Châtillon* dispens'd with shewing all the Rigour she had promis'd her self, and if the Duke did not receive any great Favours, he had reason at least to hope that he was not hated. In this Belief, as soon as he got home, he writ to his Mistress.

LET-

LETTER.

AFTER telling me, Madam, that you consented I should visit you, since 'twas impossible for me to see you without telling you that I love you, or at least without writing you word so, I ought to write to you with an Assurance that my Letter would not be ill receiv'd: Yet I tremble, Madam; and Love, which is never without the Fear of displeasing, makes me imagine you may have alter'd your Mind within these three hours. Do me the Favour, Madam, to inform me by a Line or two. Did you but know with what Ardour I long for them, and with what Transports of Joy I shall receive them, you would not think me unworthy of such a Favour.

Madam de Châtillon had no sooner receiv'd this Letter, than she sent him this Answer.

A N.

A N S W E R.

WHAT should one be chang'd, Sir?
But, good God! how pressing you
are! Are you not content with knowing
your own Strength, without endeavour-
ing to triumph over the Weakness of
others?

The Duke *de Nemours* receiv'd this Bil-
let with a Joy that put him almost be-
side himself; he kiss'd it a hundred times,
and could never give over reading it:
In the mean while the Passion of these
Lovers increas'd every day, and Madam
de Châtillon, who had already given up
her Heart, no longer defended the rest
than to make it the more considerable
by the difficulty of gaining it. At last
the Season of drinking the Waters being
over, they were oblig'd to part; and
tho' they both return'd to *Paris*, yet they
plainly foresaw they should no longer
see each other with so much convenience
as they had done at *Bourbon*. With a
prospect of these Difficulties their part-
ing

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ing was sad; the Duke *de Nemours* assur'd his Mistress more by the Tears he shed than by the things he said to her; and the Constraint which it appear'd *Madam de Châtillon* put her self under to keep in her Tears, had the same effect on her Lover's Mind. They quitted each other very sorrowful, but very well perswaded that they lov'd well, and should for ever do so. The rest of the Autumn they saw each other seldom, because they were observ'd, but they wrote often.

The beginning of the Winter the Civil War, that began to break out, oblig'd *Lewis XIV.* to quit *Paris* with some precipitation, and to retire to *Chateau du Pec*. At this time the *Mareschal*, Father of *Monsieur de Châtillon*, happen'd to die, and the Prince of *Conde*, who was then the Cardinal's right Hand, obtain'd a Patent for creating his Cousin *Monsieur de Châtillon* a Duke and Peer. Troops arriv'd from all parts, *Paris* was block'd up, the Court no longer appear'd in such Sadness, and the Courtiers and Soldiers were transported at the ill state of Affairs: The Cardinal, who alone was able to give them so ill a turn, hid a part of them from the Queen, and the whole from the young King, to whom the War

was

was never mention'd, but to shew him the weak side of the Rebels, and the rest of the time he was amus'd with Diversions proper for his age. Amongst others whom he lov'd to play with, *Madam de Châtillon* was the chief, and it was for this reason that *Prosperus* made that Song in her Husband's Name.

Châtillon gardez vos appas, &c.

In all these little Diversions the Duke *de Nemours* lost no Opportunity, and there was scarce one of them wherein *Madam de Châtillon* and he did not give each other Proofs of their Affection; but their Prudence did not keep pace with their Passion, it was observ'd they constantly placed themselves over against each other, and so as they might the more conveniently talk in private: At Blindman's Buff, when the one was blinded, the other came purposely to be caught, that in trying to find out who it was, they might have a pretence for feeling the Party all over: In short, there was no Diversion wherein Love did not suggest to them some way or other of endearing themselves to each other.

Mon-

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Monsieur *de Châtillon*, whom the knowledge of his Wife's Humour oblig'd to observe her, saw something of her Intelligence with the Duke *de Nemours*. Reputation rather than Love made him receive this Mortification with the utmost Impatience; he mention'd it to one of his Friends, who interesting himself as much as a Friend ought in his Concern, went and talk'd with Madam *de Châtillon* about it: The Service, said he, that I have devoted to your Husband's Family obliges me to wait on you with a piece of Advice of some consequence to you: Beautiful as you are, Madam, it is impossible you should not be belov'd, and because your Intentions are undoubtedly good, as you do not therefore take over-much care of your Actions, the greatest part of your own Sex that envy you, and of ours that are jealous of your Husband's good Fortune, look with a malicious Eye on whatever you do: Your Husband himself has perceiv'd a Behaviour in you, which, tho' more imprudent than criminal, however does you a great deal of Injury with the World, and makes him uneasy: You know how jealous he is of his Honour, and how much he would fear being made a Jest of in that matter; I acquaint you with it, and most hum-

humbly beseech you to take some care in it; for if you rely on the clearness of your Conscience, and too much neglect your Character, your Husband may be transported to some Acts of Violence that may not leave you in a condition to make out your Innocence to him. What you say, Sir, reply'd Madam *de Châtillon*, ought not to surprize me: The Duke has accusom'd me to his Humours very early; the very day after he married me he grew so furiously jealous of *Vascoe*, who had assisted him in carrying me off, that he could not hide it, and yet less Occasion could not be given him for it; and now to-day, you see, he has first taken it into his Head to suspect me; I cannot guess on whose account; all I can say is, that I doubt whether he would be easie tho' I were in the Country, and saw none but my Servants. — I do not enter, Madam, reply'd the Friend, into a longer detail with you; I do not so much as know whether your Husband had his Eye on any particular Person when he inform'd me he was not pleas'd with you, but upon what I have said you may take the proper measures for your Conduct. And thereupon taking leave of her, he left her in a terrible Uneasiness. She immediately let the Duke

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de Nemours know it, with whom it was agreed, that they should be more on their guard than they had hitherto been.

All this while the Prince *de Condè*, who thought of nothing but reducing the People of *Paris* by starving them, and of giving up the Parliament, who had set a Price on the Cardinal's Head, thought that what would as soon advance the Success of those Designs as any thing, was the taking of *Bouchemat*, which *Clanleu* held with six or seven hundred Men, at the head of which Monsieur the King's Uncle, Lieutenant General of his Regency, intended to put himself, and the Prince accordingly attack'd *Bouchemat* in three places. As there were but weak Intrenchments at the Avenues, it was not very difficult for *Lewis XIV's* Troops to force them: But Monsieur *de Châtillon*, who commanded the Attacks under the Prince of *Condè*, pushing the Enemy warmly, was wounded in the lower Belly by a Musquet Shot, of which he died the Night following. The Prince regretted the loss extremely, and his Grief was too violent to be lasting. By what had already passed one may easily judge the Duke *de Nemours* was but slightly concern'd, and one may still the better imagine it by what happen'd after. However,

ever, Madam *de Châtillon* wept, tore her Hair, and gave all the Demonstrations of the deepest Despair. The Public was so far deceiv'd, that the following Sonnet was made on it.

SONNET.

*C*Hâtillon est donc mort, au moment que la Cour
Lui préparoit l'honneur que meritoient ses
Armes :

Mars vient de le ravir au milieu des allarmes
Et malgré sa Victoire il a perdu le jour.

Quand on vous eut ôté de son retour, [mes ?
Quels furent vos transports, Beauté pleine de char-
Quiconque les avas, s'il les a vu sans larmes
Il faut qu'il ait le cœur insensible à l'amour.

En un pareil état, & pareille surprise.
Mausolée jamais, ni jamais Artemise
N'eurent tant de sujet de se plaindre du sort.

O discorde funeste, en misere féconde !
Que ne feras tu point, si ton premier effort
A déjà fait pleurer les plus beaux yeux du Monde !

Châtillon then is dead, the moment the Court
was preparing for him those Honours his Bra-
very deserv'd. *Mars* has just snatch'd him from the
midst of Alarms, and tho' he gain'd Victory, he
has

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has lost his Life. When you were robb'd of all Hopes of his return, how great were your Transports of Grief, all charming Creature! Whoever has seen them, and seen them without Tears, must have a Heart insensible of Love. In the like Condition, and the like Surprise, never had *Maasolus* nor *Artemisia* so great reason to complain of Fortune. O fatal Discord! fruitful in Misfortunes, what Evil will you not occasion, when your first Effort has already made the finest Eyes in the World to weep!

The Duke *de Nemours*, who knew more of the matter than the rest of the World, was not surpriz'd at Madam *de Châtillon's* Affliction, and took his Opportunity so well, when excess of Grief had disorder'd the poor despairing Creature, and press'd her so hard to grant him those Favours which the Fear she had been in of her Husband had hinder'd her from granting him during his Life, that she made him an Appointment the day he was to be buried. *La Bordeaux*, one of her Maids, who thought Monsieur *de Châtillon's* Death had spoil'd *Riconnet's* Fortune, who courted her, was in a real Affliction, so that when she saw the Duke *de Nemours* upon the point of receiving the last Favours from her Mistress, on a day when the most irregular constrain themselves, the horror of the Action

re-

redoubled her Grief, and continuing in the Room, she disturb'd the Pleasure of the Lovers by her Sighs and Tears. The Duke *de Nemours*, who saw plainly that if he did not pacifie this Maid he should not for the future enjoy all the Sweet's he promis'd himself in his Amour, undertook to comfort her; and taking her out of the Room, told her, he knew very well her Loss in the late Monsieur *de Châtillon*; that he would be her Friend, and take the same care of her Fortune as the deceased; that his Goodwill was the same, and his Power perhaps greater than his; and, that till he could do something considerable for her, he desir'd her to accept Four thousand Crowns, which he would send her the next day. These words were of such vertue, that *la Bordeaux* dry'd up her Tears, and promis'd the Duke *de Nemours* to be all her life in his Interest, and told him, her Mistress had all the reason in the World to stop at nothing to give him Proofs of her Affection for him. The next day *la Bordeaux* had the Four thousand Crowns the Duke had promis'd her; and indeed she afterwards serv'd him preferably to all those that did not give her so much.

In

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In the beginning of the Spring a Peace being concluded with the City, the Court return'd thither. The Prince of *Condé*, who had then just extricated the Cardinal out of a scurvy Affair, made him pay dearly for the Services he had done him in this War: The Cardinal was not only unable to answer all the Favours he ask'd, but *Pont de l'Arche*, which the Prince had forced from him for his Brother-in-law the Duke *de Longueville*, *Erlachie's* Marriage with *Irite*, which he had carried with a high hand against the Intentions of the Court, and the Assurance with which he had demanded of the Queen to see *Sienge*, after his presuming to write Her Majesty a Letter of Love, made the Cardinal resolve at last to free himself from the Tyranny he was under, on pretence of revenging the Contempt shewn the Royal Authority, and communicated this Design to *Gornan de Gaules*, who remembered his Exempt being broke by the Prince of *Condé*, and as well on that account as because he was jealous of his Merit, had Reasons to hate him; and as the Cardinal inform'd him, that the *Seigneur du Petit Bourg*, who govern'd him, was a Pensioner to the Prince, he made him promise he would not discover this Business to his Favourite. They ar-

rested

rested the Prince of *Condè*, the Prince of *Conti*, and the Duke de *Longueville*, at the Palais-Royal, where *Lewis XIV.* then resided. In the mean while, Monsieur de *Turenne*, who upon account of his Engagements with the Prince of *Condè*, might be apprehensive of being secur'd, and who besides was incens'd at the Court on account of the Principality of *Stenai*, which they had taken from his Family, retir'd to *Stenai*, where Madam de *Longueville* arriv'd soon after. The Prince's Officers threw themselves into *Bellegarde*, Madam de *Châtillon* adher'd to the Prince of *Condè*'s Mother, and drew the Duke de *Nemours*, her Lover, to his Party. Some time after the Princess was confined, and the Prince of *Condè*'s Mother, had Leave to visit her Cousin Madam de *Châtillon*. A Priest call'd *Cambiac*, who had introduced himself at Mademoiselle de *Velitobulie*'s by means of Monsieur de *Luxembourg*, was sent to Madam de *Châtillon* by her Mother. He was not there long ere he wrought himself into her Favour so far, as to be employ'd between her and the Duke de *Nemours*. This Commerce giving him the Opportunity of great Familiarities with Madam de *Châtillon*, he fell in love with her to that degree, that it made him faint as he was saying Mass.

The Prince of *Conde's* Mother being then ill of the Distemper she died of, *Cambiac*, who had gain'd a great Ascendant over her, employ'd it in favour of *Madam de Châtillon*, for whom he procur'd a Legacy of a Hundred thousand Crowns in Jewels, and the enjoyment for Life of the Lordship of *Marlou*, which was worth Twenty thousand Livres a Year. The Duke de *Nemours* all this while had been a little alarm'd, but upon sight of the Princess's Will he became quite jealous: He did not think it was easie to resist such considerable Favours; and tho' he could not blame his Mistress for accepting them, he was enrag'd she should receive them from a Man whom he already look'd on as his Rival; for he had reason to fear she had bought those Favours which *Cambiac* had done her. Tho' she lov'd the Duke de *Nemours*, yet she lov'd Wealth still better: However, as she had no more occasion for *Cambiac* after the Death of the Prince of *Conde's* Mother, it was no hard thing for her to heal her Lover's Mind, by turning off the poor Priest.

The Coadjutor of *Paris* and *Madam de Chevreuse*, who had been in the Secret of arresting the Princes, finding the Cardinal become too insolent, laid before the Duke of *Orleans* this Consideration, and
repre-

represented to him, that if he assisted in obtaining the Princes their Liberty, he would not only reconcile himself to them, but would entirely bring them over to his Interests. Besides the Design of weakening the Cardinal's Party, which gave Umbrage to that call'd * *la Fronde*, each had his particular Interest too. Madam *de Chevreuse* had a mind the Prince of *Conti*, for whom the Court had already demanded a Cardinal's Hat at *Rome*, should marry her Daughter, and Monsieur the Coadjutor had a mind to be nominated in the Prince's stead; and it was on this Promise which the two Princes gave under their Hands to Madam *de Chevreuse* that she and the Coadjutor were to endeavour their Release.

The thing succeeding as they had laid it, and the Cardinal himself being forc'd to retire out of *France*, the Prince of *Conde* had no Moderation in his new Prosperity, which oblig'd the Court to form new Designs against his Person. He retir'd immediately to his House at *St. Maur*, and some time after to *Monron*, and from thence to his Government of *Aquitaine*. The Duke *de Nemours* follow'd him; and Madam *de Longueville*,
G 2 who

* A Party so call'd that was form'd against Cardinal *Mazarin's* Ministry.

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who was with her Brother, being smitten with the Duke *de Nemours's* Merit, behav'd her self so obligingly to him, that this Prince, tho' much in love elsewhere, could not resist her, but he yielded thro' the frailty of the Flesh, rather than from any real Inclination of the Heart. The Duke *de Rochefoucault*, who had been for above three Years the Favourite-Lover of Madam *de Longueville*, perceiv'd his Mistress's Treachery with all the Rage it is possible to be inspir'd with on a like occasion: She who was taken up with a vast Affection for the Duke *de Nemours*, gave her self little trouble to keep fair with her first Lover. The first time she was alone with the Duke *de Nemours*, in the tenderest moment of the Assignment, she ask'd him how he had been with Madam *de Châtillon*. The Duke *de Nemours* answering her, that he had never receiv'd any Favour from her; Ah! I am undone, said she, and you love me not, since in the circumstances we are in at present, you have the power to hide the Truth from me.

This Commerce lasted not long, for the Duke could not put a Constraint upon himself so far as to shew a Friendship which he did not feel; and one may easily

silly imagine that the Princess, who was not neat in her Person, and smelt ill, could not hide her ill Qualities from a Man that was violently in love elsewhere. These Disgusts then did not retard the Journey the Duke *de Nemours* was to make to *Flanders*, to bring a Reinforcement of foreign Troops to the Prince's assistance; but the true Cause of his Impatience was his longing to see Madam *de Châtillon*, whom he still lov'd more than his Life. He pass'd thro' *Paris* in his way, when he saw her, and put her into that unfortunate condition which may be call'd the *Widow's Rock*. As soon as she perceiv'd her Misfortune, she look'd out for Assistance to get rid of it. *Des Fougerais*, a celebrated Physician, undertook the Cure; and it was while she was under his hands for this illness that the Prince of *Condé* return'd from *Guienne* to *Paris*, and brought the Duke *de la Rochefoucault* with him.

The Prince of *Condé* had a lively Eye, a close aquilin Nose, lean hollow Cheeks, a long Visage, and the Look of an Eagle, curl'd Hair, uneven and foul Teeth, a negligent Air, and took little care of his Person: He had a fine Shape; his Wit was very lively, but not just: He

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laugh'd much, and very disagreeably; he had an admirable Genius for War, and particularly for a Battel. On the Day of an Engagement he was soft to his Friends, haughty to his Enemies: He had a clearness of Understanding, a strength of Judgment, and a readiness not to be equal'd: He was naturally designing, but was just and honest on great Occasions: He was naturally insolent and disrespectful, but Adversity had taught him Behaviour.

The Prince finding himself dispos'd to love Madam *de Châtillon*, the Duke *de la Rochefoucault* push'd him on still more, by the vast Desire he had of being reveng'd on the Duke *de Nemours*; and as the Fair one's Resistance encreas'd the Prince's Passion, the Duke *de la Rochefoucault* perswaded him to give her the Lordship of *Marlou*, whereof she had only the Profit for Life, telling him, that Madam *de Châtillon* being younger than he, this Gift only injur'd his Posterity, and that an Estate of Twenty thousand Livres a Year, more or less, made him neither poorer nor richer.

At the time of the Prince's falling in love with Madam *de Châtillon*, she was under the hands of *Des Fougerais*, who made use of Emeticks to recover her. The

Prince

Prince of *Conde*, who was continually at her Bed-side, was perpetually asking her what her Distemper was: The Lover, in despair to see his Mistress in danger of her Life, told her Apothecary he would have him hang'd. The Fellow, who durst not justify himself, went and told *la Bordeaux*, who had married *Ricoux*, that in case he was press'd any more, he must discover all: At last the Remedies had the promis'd effect. It was a little after this Recovery of hers that the Prince of *Condè*, having made over *Marlou* to her by a Deed of Gift, *Madam de Châtillon* was not ungrateful for it, but she only gave him the use of that which the Duke de *Nemours* had the Propriety of. In the mean time the Duke de *la Rochefoucault* had a full Revenge of the Duke de *Nemours*, and made him so much the more uneasy, as he had not the power of curing himself of his Passion, as the Duke de *la Rochefoucault* had done of that he had had for *Madam de Longueville*. Besides this, the Prince of *Condè* had also Monsieur de *Vineuil* for his Confidant, who in serving him with his Mistress was endeavouring too to introduce himself. Monsieur de *Vineuil* was the President *Hardier's* Brother, of a tolerably-good Family at *Paris*, had an agreeable Face, and

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was well enough made; he was a Man of Honour and of Learning, his Wit was pleasant and satyrical, though he was afraid of every thing; and this had drawn him into some untoward Affairs: He was enterprizing amongst the Ladies, and this made him always successful: He had been well with Madam *de Montbazon*, Madam *de Mowv*, and the Princess of *Wirtemberg*; and this last Gallantry had so far embroil'd him with the late Monsieur *de Châtillon*, that had it not been for the Prince's Protection, he had been very ill us'd: And indeed Monsieur *de Châtillon*'s Hatred to him had pretty much dispos'd his Wife to love him. But let us leave *Vineuil* for some time, and return to the Duke *de Nemours*.

Jealousie so far transported him, that having one day found the Prince at Madam *de Châtillon*'s, talking low to her, he tore the Skin off both his Hands with Rage and Vexation, without perceiving it, till one of his People made him take notice of the Condition he was in. In short, not being any longer able to bear the Prince's Visits, he begg'd of her to retire for some time to her own House. She, who had a great tenderness for him, and who did not believe this short Absence would abate the Prince's Passion,

did

did not suffer her ſelf to be prefs'd, and promis'd him even to turn off *la Bordeaux*, who had quitted his Interests for thoſe of his Rival; Madam *de Châtillon* did not ſtay long in the Country, and at her return the Duke *de Nemours* grew ſo horribly jealous, that he was twenty times going to draw upon the Prince of *Condé*, and he had at laſt yielded to the Temptation, had he not loſt his Life in a Duel with his Brother-in-law. Madam *de Châtillon*, who of twenty Lovers ſhe had favour'd in her Life, never lov'd any but the Duke *de Nemours*, was in a real Deſpair at his Death. One of his Friends who brought her the News of it, told her at the ſame time, it was neceſſary for her to get a Casket full of her Letters out of one of his Valet de Chambre's hands. She ſent for him, and upon promiſing him Five hundred Crowns, ſhe got the Casket, but the poor Fellow was never able to get any thing of her.

As for the Prince of *Condé*, whatever Obligation he had to the Duke *de Nemours*, Jealouſie had ſo divided them that he was very glad of his Death: Glory as well as Love had rais'd ſuch an Emulation between them, that they could no longer bear with each other; and this was ſo true, that if the Prince of *Condé*

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would have taken the necessary Care to prevent the Duke *de Nemours's* fighting, that Misfortune had not happen'd. One thing which shew'd that the Prince of *Condè* had Glory as much as Love at Heart, was, that the moment after his Rival's Death he scarce lov'd Madam *de Châtillon* at all; he contented himself with observing a Decency with her, that he might make use of her on occasion, as he should think proper.

In effect about this time the Cardinal, who thought she govern'd the Prince of *Condè*, sent the Grand Prévot of *France* to offer her, as from him, a Hundred thousand Crowns down, and the Government of the Family of the Queen that was to be, in case she would bring the Prince to comply with the Articles he desir'd, and to abandon the Count *d'Oignon*, the Duke *de Rochefoucault*, and the President *Viole*. During the Grand Prévot's Negotiation, one of the Light Horse, named *Mouchette*, was also negotiating with Madam *de Châtillon* from the Queen, but she (seeing she could not bring over the Prince to do what the Court desir'd) sent the Queen word, that she advis'd her to grant the Prince all he should ask; and, that afterwards Her Majesty knew very well how to behave towards

a Subject, who making use of the Disorder of His Majesty's Affairs, had forc'd Conditions from her both shameful and prejudicial to his Authority.

At this juncture the Abbé *Fouquet*, who had been taken by the Enemy, was carried to the *Hôtel de Condé*. In the first Conversation he had with the Prince some high words arose, but the next day matters grew easier, and some days after they began to treat a Peace with him. As he was a Prisoner upon his Parole, and went where he thought fit, he made some Visits to Madam *de Châtillon*, believing nothing was done at the Prince of *Condé's* but by her Influence; and it was in those Visits that he fell in love with her. *Vinevil* then govern'd her peaceably enough. *Cambiac* was withdrawn upon the Prince's Passion and the Duke *de Nemours's* Death, and that had much weaken'd the Prince's Love; so that a little after, having been in *Flanders* upon the Agreement between the City of *Paris* and the Court, he was upon the point of leaving *Paris* without taking his leave of Madam *de Châtillon*; and when he went to see her, he was but a moment with her.

The

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The King being return'd to *Paris*, the Abbé *Fouquet* thought that if Madam *de Châtillon* continued there, he might have Rivals upon his hands that might be prefer'd before him, so that he perswaded the Cardinal to send her farther off, alledging, that at *Paris* she would every day carry on a thousand Intrigues against the Court, which she could not carry on in any other place; and this oblig'd the Cardinal to send her to *Marlou*. The Abbé *Fouquet* went thither to see her as often as he could; but there was in her Neighbourhood two Persons who visited her more frequently; one was my Lord *Graf*, who had hired a House near *Marlou*, where he generally kept his Retinue, and sometimes came for a time; and the other was Earl *Digby*, Governour of *Mantes* and *Isle Adam*. These two Cavaliers fell in love with Madam *de Châtillon*. My Lord *Graf* was a Man of Peace and Pleasure; Earl *Digby* was brave, haughty, and full of Ambition.

Upon the Priest *Cambiac's* seeing the Prince of *Condè* leave the Court of *France*, he had again attach'd himself to Madam *de Châtillon*, so that he liv'd with her at *Marlou*; and as he did not so much fear the Abbé *Fouquet*, or *Digby*, as the Prince of *Condè*, he freely discover'd to

Ma-

Madam *de Châtillon* the Sentiments he had of her Conduct with all her Lovers. She, who had resolv'd not to be contradicted in her new Designs, and particularly by one who was interested in the matter, receiv'd his Remonstrances very ill, so that things grew worse and worse every day: The Priest at length retir'd, grumbling, and with the Air of a Man that was to be fear'd. Some time after he writ her a Letter, without a Name, and in a different Hand from his own, wherein he inform'd her what the World said against her: However, she suspected this Letter came from him, as he told her of things which no body else could know. In short, Madam *de Châtillon* learning from all hands that the Priest gave himself great Liberties with her Character, desir'd Madam *de Piseux*, who was intimate with him, and had some power over him, to get from him a Letter of consequence he had receiv'd from her. Madam *de Piseux* promis'd her she would, and at the same time sent *Cambiac* word to meet her at her House at *Marine* near *Pontoise*.

It is to be observ'd, that from the time *Cambiac* had left her, she had made a thousand Complaints to *Digby*. That
 Lover,

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Lover, who thought of nothing but pleasing his Mistress, and was ruining himself in his Expences on her, made no difficulty of promising her a Revenge that would cost him nothing, and in which he would find his own particular Interest. He took an Opportunity when *Cambiac*, being at *Marine*, was one day got on Horseback to take the Air; and having carried him off with the assistance of five or six Cavaliers, sent him to *Marlou*. Madam de Châtillon, who knew Lovers were never to be injur'd by halves, was much perplex'd with their manner of treating the Priest, of which she well saw he could suspect no body but herself, and she had much rather have pardon'd *Digby* for killing him, than for thus carrying him off; but, in short, not being able to help what had happen'd, I am concern'd prodigiously, said she to him, for what has befallen you; I see very well that the impertinent Fellow that has thus affronted you would bring me into suspicion with you, but you shall plainly see, by my resenting it, that I had no share in this Violence done you: In the mean time, Sir, if you have a mind to stay here, you shall be very welcome; would you return to *Marine*, my Coach

is

is at your service. I know, Madam, answer'd the Priest coldly, what to think of all this; I thank you for your Offers, I will return upon my Horse, if you please: God, who will preserve me from the Designs of those wicked Men, will take care of me. And at these words he retir'd abruptly out of Madam de Châtillon's Chamber, and went back alone to Marine. He was no sooner gotten thither than he and Madam de Piseux writ these two Letters to one of their Friends at Paris.

LETTER

From Cambiac to Monsieur de Brienne.

YOU will be very much surpriz'd when you shall hear of the Adventure that has befallen me; but to lay it before you as it happen'd, we must begin a little higher, and tell you, that Madam de Châtillon came hither in order to oblige Madam de Piseux to get from
me

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me certain things she wanted. Madam de Pisieux writ to me, and you know I accordingly took the Journey. The Day I came, Madam de Châtillon sent la Fleur to know if I was there, and the next day a Person unknown, under false colours, came to ask for me, and to know if my return to Paris would be speedy. I went hence Yesterday Morning at Four, and as I was about an hundred paces off Pontoise, after I had pass'd the River, I was surrounded by six Cavaliers with Pistol in Hand, headed by the Earl of Digby, who coming up, told me, that had Madam de Châtillon done me Justice, she would have order'd me a hundred Stabs; but however, that I need fear nothing. I must tell you, he was sincere on this Occasion, and that he did not let me suffer the least Indignity: He treated me very civilly at l'Isle Adam, and, after dining, carried me himself to Marlou, and sent me with four Cavaliers to give that worthy Lady Satisfaction. She pretended to be very much concern'd at it, and was so in reality. The Disdain I treated her with made her

her soon find that it was one of the worst Affairs she had ever embarked in. I went back to Marine, to tell Madam de Pisieux how Madam de Châtillon had behav'd to her, as well as to me. She resents it as a Person of her Quality, Honour, and Courage should do. This is a pretty extraordinary Accident; I conjure you to give me your Thoughts of it, and what you are of Opinion I ought to do: You see plainly (according to my Notion) that I ought not to stop here. Afterwards the base Creature writ to Madam de Pisieux, to beg her to make me stifle my Resentments, assuring her she knew nothing of all this. The Answer she had was worthy Madam de Pisieux's Generosity. I have determin'd to stay here three or four days, to have time to consider what to do, and to prevent my being hurried to do any thing I may repent of: Besides that venting one's self in Complaints is too weak a Revenge, and I design to go farther if I can. I expect your Answer with Impatience, and am wholly yours. A Letter will not allow me to give you a De-
tail

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tail of what is very long, that I will do when I see you. Adieu.

18 July, 1655.



L E T T E R

From Madam de Pisieux to Monsieur de Brienne.

I Have too great a share in what has happen'd to Monsieur de Cambiac not to add a Line of mine to the Relation he has given you; every Circumstance of it is surprizing, and the most favourable Thought that can be entertain'd of me in this Affair, is, that I have not been much consider'd; for, according to all appearance, I must be an Accomplice in so infamous an Action. Indeed, the Person injur'd sufficiently justifies me, in retiring to the same place
where

where the Snare was laid for him. All my study at this time, is, to behave in such a manner, that without yielding too far to a just Resentment, I may contradict all my past Life enough to make it appear that I was a useful Friend to Madam de Châtillon. You know my Name, and the greatness of my Spirit; I have always spoke to you of it with Sincerity: I confess to you besides, that I am a Christian, and one tolerably regular, and that I make profession of serving God my Creator without Art or Deceit: This being premised, I shall omit nothing that Resentment and Justice will allow me. Oblige me so far as to communicate this to Madam d'Aubigny, and go no farther; it will not be an ill Regale to the Princess Palatine, to whom I permit you to mention it. I do not think Cambiac's Crime was so great in returning to his Duty by the Bishop of Amien's means, nor mine in advising him, to have drawn on us so unlucky a Business. I will return to Paris on purpose to entertain my Friends with the Particulars, and you first of all. I can't
 help

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help taking this little piece of Revenge, Madam de Châtillon is not forgot, when an Opportunity of mentioning her offers; I bid you good-morrow, I am in too great a Passion to expect one to-day.

A little while after the writing these two Letters, *Cambiac* return'd to *Paris*, no longer keeping any measures with *Madam de Châtillon*; he expos'd her every where, and fully to glut his Revenge, he shew'd the Queen the most passionate of her Letters. The Modesty of History will not allow a recital of them, but by the most decent Passages of them, which follow, the rest may be judg'd of.

She tells the Priest *Cambiac* in several places, that he might be assur'd she would never give him reason to complain of her; that he might speak of her as he pleas'd, but that it would be more generous for him to speak well of her than otherwise; that after putting one's self into other Peoples power, as she had done into his, they might make an ill use of it; and, that all a poor Woman could do on such an occasion, was to hear and be silent.

In

In another place she tells him, that do what he would, she should always love him; and, that tho' she was preparing for a general Confession at *Easter*, there was nothing in it that related to him.

The Queen was extremely surpriz'd at the great Liberty Madam *de Châtillon* took in her Letters, but was not sorry for the Contempt this drew upon her; and when she had heard of the Insult offer'd to the Priest *Cambiac*, she made a great noise about it, and said publickly, that since People were ill treated for returning to their Duty, the King knew very well how to do them Justice.

When Earl *Digby* came to see the Dutcheß, after his carrying off *Cambiac*, he was exceedingly surpriz'd at meeting with nothing but Reproaches from her, instead of the Thanks he expected. When I hinted to you, said she, that I was angry with *Cambiac*, that did not mean that he should be run away with; it is easie enough to be seen that in this fine Action you consider'd your self more than me; but I shall take care of my own Interest in my turn, and forget yours. *Digby* endeavour'd to excuse himself by the goodness of his Intentions, and as he perceiv'd all this did not pacifie her, he grew angry too;
and

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and Madam *de Châtillon*, fearing that in losing him she should lose a Protector and a generous Lover, soften'd him, and desir'd him to consider another time, that one must dissemble Injuries with such People as *Cambiac*, or ruin them. At the time *Digby* began to be in love with Madam *de Châtillon*, my Lord *Graf*, who during the Troubles in *England*, had follow'd *Charles* into *France*, had hired a House in the Neighbourhood of *Marlou*. Ease, Convenience, and Madam *de Châtillon*'s insinuating manner, had excited a Passion in the Heart of that Lord; but as he was of a softer turn than Earl *Digby*, his Passion had not gain'd so much ground as that of the Earl.

Things were on this foot when the Abbé *Fouquet*, seeing he made no progress in his Affair with Madam *de Châtillon*, made use of this Stratagem to forward it: He had learnt that *Ricoux*, Brother-in-law to one of Madam *de Châtillon*'s Women, lay privately conceal'd in *Paris*, where he held a Communication with her for the Prince's service: He set so many People in quest of *Ricoux*, that he was taken and carried to the *Bastille*. The Abbé *Fouquet* having order'd him to be put to the Question, he accus'd Madam *de Châtillon* of several things, and
amongst

amongst others, of having promis'd him Ten thousand Crowns to kill the Cardinal, and had already advanc'd him Two thousand. The Abbé *Fouquet* suppress'd these Depositions, and got others drawn up, wherein *Ricoux* still confess'd he was at *Paris* with design to kill the Cardinal, but did not accuse Madam *de Châtillon* with having any hand in the Plot; and all that he said against her was, that she held Intelligence with the Prince, and receiv'd a Pension of Four thousand Crowns from the *Spaniards*, He shew'd the last Depositions to the Cardinal, and the first to Madam *de Châtillon*, whereby having frightned her to a degree one may imagine, he told her he would save her, provided she would, to shew her Gratitude, grant him the last Proofs of her Love. Madam *de Châtillon*, who feared Death more than any thing, scrupled to satisfy the Abbé *Fouquet* no longer than she thought was necessary to make him set a Value upon the last Favour. The Abbé *Fouquet* thought of nothing else but saving his Mistress; to that end he took her away in the Night from *Marlou*, and carried her into *Normandy*, and made her change her Residence every Week, disguis'd sometimes in the Habit of a Cavalier, sometimes of a Nun, and some-

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sometimes of a Cordelier. This lasted six Weeks, during which he went to and fro between the Court and the place where Madam *de Châtillon* was: At last he got her a Pardon, about the time *Ricoux* was broke on the Wheel, and brought her back to *Marlou*, where she was not long at rest; for she cast her Eyes on the Mareschal *d'Hocquincourt*, as well for the Advantages she hoped from him, by the Posts he held on the *Somme*, as to free her self from the Abbé *Fouquet's* Tyranny, which already grew insupportable to her.

Charles Marèchal *de Hocquincourt* had black sparkling Eyes, a well-made Nose, a narrow Forehead, a long Visage, black curling Hair, and a fine Shape: He had very little Wit, yet was cunning by being diffident; he was brave, and always in Love, and his Valour serv'd him with the Ladies instead of other good Qualities. Madam *de Châtillon*, who knew him by Report, thought him the properest Man in the World to go thro' those Follies she had occasion for. *De Vignacourt*, a Gentleman of *Picardy*, her Neighbour, was the Person she employ'd to him. The Marèchal then agreed with *Vignacourt*, that as he went to command the Army in *Catalonia*, he should in his

way

way make her a Visit at *Marlou*, as if it had been by chance. The matter happen'd just as she had contriv'd it; *Madam de Châtillon* got on Horseback to wait on the *Marêchal* as far as two leagues from *Marlou*. In the way she let him into the sad condition of her Fortune, begg'd him to be pleas'd to be her Protector, and flatter'd him with the Title of the *Refuge of the Afflicted*: In short, she urg'd him so far on the point of Generosity, that he promis'd to serve her to the utmost in all things, and against all Persons, and gave her his Pocket-book, wherein he order'd the Lieutenants of his Places to receive her and hers whenever she should have occasion.

This Interview was discover'd by the *Abbé Fouquet*, who seeing the *Marêchal* was just upon returning to Court, and judging that the Neighbourhood of *Madam de Châtillon*, and of the *Marêchal*, might be dangerous to the Interests of the Court, as well as his own, perswaded the Cardinal to send her a good way from the Frontiers of *Picardy*, and got an Order for her to go to her Dutchy. *Madam de Châtillon* having set out on her Journey, met the *Marêchal d'Hocquincourt* at *Montargis*, with whom she renew'd the measures she had taken with him six
H months

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months before: And after having given each other Assurances, he positive, promises to protect her against the Court; and she, on her side, Hopes of one day granting him Proofs of her Passion, they parted: The Marèchal went forward to meet the King, and she towards her Dutchy, where she pass'd the Winter, during which the Marèchal *d'Hocquincourt* writ to her; and the Abbé *Fouquet*, who as Master was the hardest to be pleas'd, bore with great Impatience the Interviews between the Marèchal *d'Hocquincourt* and Madam *de Châtillon*, and the Commerce she held with him. To excuse her self, she told him the Marèchal was using his Interest with the Cardinal for Leave that she might have *la Bourdeaux* again, whom they had taken from her, and to gain Permission for her self to return to Court; she added, that she wish'd she were to owe those Favours to him only, but she would reserve his Credit for things of more consequence.

What perswaded the Abbé *Fouquet* that her Intrigue with the Marèchal might only regard the Court, was, that in the Spring she did by his means return first to *Marlou*, and some time after to *Paris*, and *la Bordeaux* with her. During the Marèchal's Campaign in *Catalonia*, the

King

King of *England*, whom his Family's Misfortunes oblig'd to stay in *France*, and who found the Dutcheſs very much to his mind, ſaw her again at *Marlou* in the little Journeys he made to my Lord *Graf's*; and this Intercourſe had given that Prince ſuch an Inclination for her, that he reſolv'd to marry her, *Graf* perſwading his Maſter to ſatisſie her at any rate, upon the Promiſes *Madam de Châtillon* had made that Lord of granting him the laſt Favour, if he contributed to the making her a Queen; and ſhe had certainly been ſo, if God, who guarded that King's Honour, had not amus'd *Madam de Châtillon* with a fooliſh Hope, which made her let ſlip ſo lucky an Opportunity.

Charles King of *England* had large black Eyes, and very thick Eyebrows that almoſt join'd, a brown Complexion, a well-made Noſe, a long Face, and black curling Hair. He was large made, and had a fine Shape: He was reſerv'd at firſt ſight, and yet was affable and obliging more in good than in ill Fortune: He was brave, that is, he had the Courage of a Soldier with the Soul of a Prince: He had Wit, he lov'd his Pleaſures, but he lov'd his Duty yet more: In ſhort, he

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was one of the greatest Kings in the World ; but whatever Advantages he had by his Birth, Adversity (which had serv'd him for a Tutor) was the principal cause of his extraordinary Merit.

The Prince of *Condè*, at his leaving *France*, had shewn, as I have said, very little Consideration for *Madam de Châtillon* ; but having learnt how well the *Spaniards* thought of her, by the Pension they had given her, and the Credit she had at the French Court thro' the *Abbé Fouquet*, his Passion for her began to revive, and that so violently, that he writ her the most passionate Letters in the World, and amongst others this was intercepted, written in Cyphers.

LET-

LETTER.

THO' all your Charms would not oblige me to love you, my dear Cousin, yet the Pains you take for me, the Persecutions you suffer for being in my Interest, and the Danger which that exposes you to, would oblige me to love you all my Life. Judge then what Effect all this must have on a Heart that is neither insensible nor ungrateful; but judge too what continual Alarms I must be in for You. Ricoux's Example makes me shudder, and when I think that the dearest thing to me on Earth is in my Enemies hands, I am in eternal Disquiets. In God's Name, my poor Dear, do not venture as you do; I had rather never see France, than occasion you the least Apprehension; 'tis my Business to expose my self, and to put my Affairs into such a condition by the War, as to oblige them to treat with me; and then, my dear Cousin, you may help
H 3 me

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me by your Mediation; and yet, as the Events of War are doubtful, I have one sure Cast at least, I mean that of passing my Life with You, and uniting our Interests still closer than we yet have done. Do not think the Princess an insurmountable Obstacle to this; more considerable are broken thro', when one loves like me. And here, my dear Cousin, I set no Bounds to my Imagination, or to your Hopes, you may carry them as far as you please. *Adieu.*

The Hopes Madam de Châtillon had upon this Letter of being the Prince's Wife inclin'd her to refuse the King of England's Offers; she consulted one of her Friends about it before *la Bourdeaux*. She, whose Husband was in the Prince's Service, told her Mistress she was a Visionary, to fling away a moment's thought on marrying the Shadow of a King, a Wretch who had not wherewith to live, and who, besides making them ridiculous, would bring Ruin upon her in a little time: That, if it were possible, against all Appearances, that he should one day recover his Crown, she might easily imagine

gine that, being tired of her, he would divorce her, under pretence of inequality of condition. Her Friend on the contrary told her, that the Vision lay in marrying the Prince, who was married, and whose Wife was in perfect Health: That Persons of the King of *England's* Rank might sometimes be unfortunate, but they could never be in that extreme Necessity, so common to private Persons: That it was glorious for a young Lady to live a Queen, tho' she liv'd unhappy, and, that she ought never to refuse a Title of Honour, tho' she were to wear it only on her Tomb. For you, Madam, turning to *la Bourdeaux*, you have reason to argue with the Dutches as you do, having nothing but your own Interest at heart; but, for my part, who regard hers only, I tell her what is my Duty. Madam *de Châtillon* thank'd them for the Friendship they had shewn her, and told them, She would think their Reasons over again before she resolv'd. She did not care to give a more positive Answer before her Friend, upon an Affair wherein she was asham'd of taking the side he advis'd her against.

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In the mean while the King of *England* heard from several hands of *Madam de Châtillon's* Life, and of her present Conduct with the *Abbé Fouquet*. There is no Man of the least Pride, who in the beginning of his Passion has so far lost his Reason, as to marry a Woman without Honour.

The King of *England* quitted the Neighbourhood of *Marlou* as soon as he had learnt this News, and would not hazard, by continuing to see *Madam de Châtillon*, a Struggle that might be doubtful between his Senses and his Reason. *Madam de Châtillon* was not then sensible of her Loss; the desire and expectation she had of marrying the Prince made all other things indifferent to her.

Madam de Châtillon being return'd from her Dutchy to *Marlou*, in the beginning of the Spring, by the *Marèchal de Hocquincourt's* means, and some time after to *Paris*, was not ungrateful to him for it. This small Service, and the Promises he made her of killing the Cardinal, and putting his Places into the Prince's hands, touch'd *Madam de Châtillon's* Heart so deeply, that she granted the *Marèchal* the last Favour. Thus pass'd the Summer, during which the *Abbé Fouquet*, who perceiv'd their Commerce, often pass'd his

his time but ill, and he had then done what he did afterwards, were not Lovers fond of deceiving themselves when they are to absolve or condemn their Mistresses.

The next Winter the Duke *de Candale*, at his return from *Catalonia*, pretended Love to Madam *de Châtillon*: The Abbé *Fouquet*, alarm'd at so dangerous a Rival, got *Boligneux* to desire him to desist. The Duke *de Candale*, who was then really in love with Madam *d'Olonne*, and who had embark'd with Madam *de Châtillon* only as a Pretence, easily granted the Abbé *Fouquet* what he ask'd: But as Lovers were with this Lady like a Hydra, from whom one Head was no sooner lopp'd, than another sprung up, *la Feuillade* took the Duke *de Candale*'s place. The Abbé *Fouquet*, who immediately knew it, spoke himself in a very high tone to *la Feuillade*, who (whether he thought, as his Rival was belov'd, he might easily fail in his Attempt, or whether his Love, being in its beginning, had left him his Discretion entire) judg'd it improper to bring so violent a Man on his hands, therefore he did not persist in his Passion. The Marquis *de Cœuvres* was not so complaisant in his as *la Feuillade*, he con-

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tinued his Visits to Madam *de Châtillon* in spite of the Abbé; but as he had neither Fortune nor Merit sufficient to move her, she went no farther than making a Conquest of him, and only kept him to warm the Abbé *Fouquet*, and to oblige him to make her fresh Presents, and to shew him she had People of Quality in her Interests, who would not let her be treated ill. The Abbé *Fouquet* was forced to bear this Rival, but he discharg'd his Anger upon poor *Vinevil*: He was one of Madam *de Châtillon*'s first Lovers, well treated, a Man of good sense, and one whose Spirit was to be fear'd. The Abbé *Fouquet* gave the Cardinal to understand, that it was dangerous to let him be at *Paris*; so that the Cardinal, who at that time saw only with the Abbé's Eyes, sent *Vinevil* a Lettre de Cachet to retire to *Tours* till further Orders. He not being able to take his leave of Madam *de Châtillon*, writ her this Letter of the last of *October*, 1651.

LET-

LETTER.

WHatever Inclination you may have
 express'd that I should make
 you a Visit, the small Pleasure you had
 from the last made me think that I
 had better let it alone, since indeed your
 Coldness robs me of all the Joy I for-
 merly felt in seeing you; for in truth I
 am perswaded I ought to pretend to no
 share in your good Graces, or in your
 Confidence; the Engagement you are un-
 der is such, as not to allow you to re-
 gard any thing else, and to oblige you
 to be wanting to what you owe by very
 strict Obligations. I rather believe
 you will think your self oblig'd to me
 for entirely forgetting you, than for
 remembring you on this occasion, and
 that you will sincerely approve my quit-
 ting all Pretensions to your Person and
 your Interests. However, Madam, I do
 not intend you shall lose me, for I am
 well assur'd that you will one day be glad

to

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to regain what you now despise. I will reserve my self for you so far as shall agree with the knowledge of the Condition you are in at present, and the Friendship I have promis'd you, which cannot help informing you, that all Mankind strike furiously at your Conduct, and, that you are become the continual Topic of the Conversation of the Times. Your Engagement is set out as the meanest and most abject that ever a Woman of your Quality enter'd into; and they tell us your Friend exercises a tyrannical Empire over you, and every thing that comes near you, that he drives away whomever he thinks fit; and, that he even threatens those he apprehends to be his Rivals, as he did la Feuillade, not to mention the Particulars of his secret Visits, that are sufficiently known. Think, Madam, on the Prejudice your Reputation suffers from this Commerce of yours: Reflect on what you are, and what he is that robs you of your Honour; for the Credit and Consideration he gives you are of very little Honour to you, and are false Lights,
which

which, as they fall on you, are offensive instead of adding any lustre to you. Ah Madam! if the poor deceas'd had the least Sense, they would burst their Graves to get out, and load you with Reproaches for so shameful a Dependance; but I do not believe you are touch'd with any Remembrance of them: Dread the living, who sooner or later will be well inform'd of your Conduct, and will make the necessary Judgment of it. I do not lay these things before you from any Motive of Jealousie, for I assure you I am not troubled with a Passion so afflicting and so useless: Were I violently in love with you, I should break out into Invectives that would do you an irreparable Injury, and revenge my self of those you do me with so much Ingratitude. Did I not love you at all, I might make myself merry at your expence, as others do; but I preserve, in regard to you, a Mean that throws me into a dumb Sorrow for the Folly of your Conduct, a Conduct which will at last lead you to the most dreadful Precipices, if you do not take care, and restrain your self by your

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Discretion, without waiting Events. To-morrow, Madam, I take the Rout of Tourraine, and bid you adieu. If you take the Advice I give you in good part, I shall continue to love you; if otherwise, I will endeavour to get rid of the Principle which was the Occasion of my giving it you. In the mean while I ask you no good Offices in my Affairs, but only that you would prevent any ill ones, for which I shall be oblig'd to you.

Vinevil's Exile did not make the Abbé *Fouquet* any easier than he was before, *Madam de Châtillon* gave him fresh Provocations every moment: But what most disturb'd him was the *Marèchal d'Hocquincourt's* Commerce with her: It had made her so haughty, that she often treated the Abbé *Fouquet* as if she had not known him; and he knew but too well whence her Disdain proceeded.

During this, the *Marèchal d'Hocquincourt* finding himself press'd by *Madam de Châtillon* to keep his Promise with her, and being unwilling to do it, got the Cardinal inform'd of all he had promis'd *Madam de Châtillon*, by a Gentleman be-
longing

longing to him, who seem'd to betray him, and at the same time gave the Abbé *Fouquet* the same Notice by Madam *de Calvoisin*, Wife to the Governour of *Roye*. This Contrivance had all the Effect the Marêchal expected: The Cardinal took the Alarm, and to break off so dangerous an Intrigue, enter'd into a Negotiation with him. The Abbé *Fouquet* on his side, whom *la Calvoisin* had advertis'd, begg'd the Cardinal would permit Madam *de Châtillon* to be put under Arrest, and secur'd where she should converse with no body till he judg'd it proper to give her her Liberty. The Cardinal consenting to it, the Abbé *Fouquet* had Madam *de Châtillon* seiz'd at *Marlou*, and convey'd with one Woman to attend her to *Paris*, whither he brought her in the Night, and lodg'd her at one *de Vaux's* in *la Rue de Poictou*. The day after the Abbé *Fouquet*, by the Cardinal's order, got a Writing under her Hand to the Marêchal *d'Hocquincourt*, wherein she desir'd him to make his Peace with the King, and to think no more of the Prince, or her, because it endanger'd her Life; and as she had agreed with the Marêchal a few days before she was taken up, that if they happen'd to be seiz'd, and Letters should be requir'd from them,

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contrary to the measures they had taken together, they should give no credit to any but what were sign'd with a double C. That Letter was not so sign'd, but another she sent the Marèchal at the same time, wherein she bids him be firm in the first Resolution he had made to serve the Prince, and surrender his Places into his hands. The Marèchal, who had no such Design, and had promis'd it *Madam de Châtillon*, only for the sake of her Favours, and to force the Cardinal to a compliance with some things he could not gain without making himself formidable, suppress'd the Letter of Intelligence, and sent the Prince that which the Abbé *Fouquet* had made *Madam de Châtillon* write; whereby the Prince finding her Life to be in danger, sent him word to treat with the Court, provided he got *Madam de Châtillon* her Liberty. The Cardinal, who believ'd the Marèchal so fond of *Madam de Châtillon* as to purchase her Liberty at any rate, intended to reckon it to him at a Hundred thousand Livres, in part of the Hundred thousand Crowns which he had agreed with him for: But the Marèchal intended no such thing; however, not to appear a Cheat to her, and at least to keep some measures with her, he would not surrender

der his Places to the Cardinal till he knew the Dutcheſs was at liberty; ſo that, to ſatisſie him in that point, they deceiv'd him, and ſent the Dutcheſs to the Fathers of the Oratory, to ſhew her ſelf to a Gentleman he had ſent thither on purpoſe, with whom ſhe was at liberty, and then ſhe went back to Priſon, where ſhe remain'd eight days longer.

During the three weeks ſhe was Priſoner in *la Rue de Poitou*, the Abbé was not ſo much at liberty as her ſelf, he was more deeply entangled every day; for as by depriving her of the liberty of going to and fro he depriv'd her alſo of that of deceiving him, he thought her a thouſand times more amiable than ever. Beſides, the Dutcheſs, who endeavour'd to regain his Eſteem in order to obtain her Freedom, liv'd with him in a manner capable of ſoftening a *Barbarian*: Beſides a thouſand obliging Condeſcenſions ſhe had for him, ſhe ſhew'd ſo entire a Confidence in him, that he could not but believe that ſhe intended never to depend on any body but himſelf.

Things being in this ſtate, the Abbé ſurpriz'd the Dutcheſs writing a very tender Letter to the Prince of *Condé*: This affected him ſo deeply, that while
he

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he was reproaching her, he endeavour'd to poyson himself with Quicksilver from behind a Looking-glass; but beginning to find himself ill, he lost all desire of dying for a perfidious Woman, and took Mithridate, which he generally carried about him, to secure himself from the Enemies, whom the Employ he had taken up in the Cardinal's service gain'd him every day. Except her not being at liberty to go where she pleas'd, the Dutcheſs pass'd her time very agreeably under her Confinement: The Abbé made as much of her as was possible; he made her every day very considerable Presents of Toys and Jewels; he went from home at two, and return'd at eight in the morning, so that he was eight hours of the four and twenty with her.

It was impossible for the Cardinal not to know where the Dutcheſs was, and it is pleasant that this great Man, who was himself the Destiny of *Europe*, should be in the Secret with the Abbé *Fouquet*, in an Amour wherein he had no Interest. I am of opinion the Cardinal's Reason for approving this Commerce was, that he knowing the Dutcheſs was naturally intriguing, chose to have her rather in the Abbé's hands, of whom he was secure, than in the hand of another; and
be-

besides, the Abbé keeping her in a private Lodging, and absolutely dishonouring her by it, he was glad the Prince of *Condé*, her Cousin and Lover, would receive so sensible a mortification by it: But at last the Maréchal having made his Peace at Court, upon condition the Dutcheſs should have her Liberty, they were oblig'd to give it her. She was sent to *Marlou*, where the unluckiest thing that could be happen'd to her.

The Abbé *Fouquet* having agreed with her to send back every *Saturday* the Letters they had written each other the whole Week, and that he should send for them by a Man, who was to say he belong'd to Mademoiselle *de Vertus*; one day, when this Man was at *Marlou*, a Servant from the Maréchal came with a Letter to the Dutcheſs, who having written her Answers, and sent them by a Chambermaid to the Messengers, the Wench mistook, and gave the Abbé's Man the Maréchal's Answer, and the Maréchal's Man the Abbé's Pacquet. You may imagine how much the Dutcheſs was alarm'd so soon as she knew the mistake, especially when you shall know that in the Letter she writ the Abbé, besides a thousand kind things, there was a large Article against Madam *de Bregy*, whom

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whom she hated because she had naturally those Perfections of Body and Mind for which the Dutcheſs was beholden to Art. 'Tis certain ſhe had always hated her, and had never been able to forgive her the merit ſhe had. In another place ſhe took to pieces my Lord *Mountague*, and rally'd the Marêchal throughout in the ſevereſt terms in the World. On the other hand, when ſhe thought of the Abbé's Letters ſhe had ſent him, in which were ſeveral tender and extravagant Expreſſions that might be very well to a Miſtreſs, but generally appear'd ridiculous to indifferent Perſons; and that theſe were in the hands of an insulting Rival, and one that had been made a Jeſt of, it made her raving mad. The Abbé on the other ſide did not paſs his time better. As for the Marêchal, as ſoon as he had read all the Abbé's Letters, and that the Dutcheſs had writ him, he judg'd he might be one day oblig'd to return them to her by the Weakneſs he was always guilty of whilſt in her company, or at the Deſire of her Friends; ſo that, to put himſelf in a capacity of revenging himſelf on her when he ſhould think proper, he had them all copy'd, and then ſhew'd them the Duke *de la Rochefoucault* and Madam *de Piſieux*, which
laſt

last he knew to be the Dutcheſs's Enemy.

The Abbé having been one Night at *Marlou*, return'd to *Paris*, and went to the Maréchal, of whom he demanded his Letters: The Maréchal, not content with barely reſuſing them, added all the Railery in his way that he could think of. Whiſt the Maréchal was thus diverting himſelf, he held the Dutcheſs's Letter to the Abbé open in his Hand: He, who would ſooner have loſt his Life than leave his Miſtreſs at the diſcretion of his Rival, as ſhe was by this Letter, fell upon it, and tore away half of it, which he went and ſhew'd the Dutcheſs, telling her the Maréchal had burnt the other half. However, the Maréchal, in a Paſſion at the Abbé's Attempt, bid him be gone immediately, and told him, that had he not forbore upon ſome conſiderations, he would have had him thrown out at the Window.

Some time after, the Dutcheſs, being return'd to *Paris*, thought that, in order to undeceive the Public in a thouſand Particularities the Maréchal had ſaid of her, ſhe ought to ſhew Perſons of Merit and Virtue how ſhe would uſe him; for this purpoſe ſhe choſe the Houſe of the Marquis de *Sourches*, Great Provost of
France,

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France, to whom, and to his Wife, she had a mind to justify her self. The Appointment being made with the Marèchal, he perceiv'd her Design: God help thee, poor thing, said he going up to her, how do my little Thighs? Are they still as lean as ever? 'Tis impossible to imagine the Condition the Dutcheſs was in at these words, she was Thunder-struck, yet had some Thoughts of calling the Marèchal Fool and insolent Fellow, but consider'd, that having begun as he did, he would enter into Particulars the most shameful in the World to her, if she gave him the least provocation. The Great Provost and his Wife star'd upon each other, and turning toward the Dutcheſs, found her Eyes fix'd on the Ground; indeed she did not change colour, but they that knew her did not think her Confusion the less for that: At last the Great Provost taking up the Discourse, You are to blame Sir, said he, the Brave should never fly in the Face of Ladies, one should think ones self oblig'd to them for the Present they make of their Heart, and not affront them when they refuse it. I agree, said the Marèchal, but when their Heart is once bestow'd, if they change after that, they must be very circumſpect in their Behaviour to those they

they have lov'd, and when they offer to be severe upon them, expose themselves to very great Affronts. You understand me, Madam, added he, turning to the Dutcheſs, I am well aſſur'd you believe me in the right, but you ſurprize me with this Perplexity of yours; you ſhould have been made to bear Hardſhips when you began to play Tricks with People that will revenge themſelves: I own I could not have thought you had ſo much Shame left as I find you have. And at theſe words he took his leave, and left the Dutcheſs more dead than alive. The Great Provost and his Lady endeavour'd to bring her to her ſelf, telling her what the Marèchal had ſaid made no impreſſion on them; however, from that time they held no great Correſpondence with her.

About a fortnight after, the Abbé was oblig'd to go to Court, which was then at *Compiègne*; the Dutcheſs, who foreſaw the Prince of *Condé's* return to *France*, upon a general Peace which was much talk'd of, and who had no mind he ſhould find her under ſo ſhameful an Engagement, and which beſides ſhe was heartily tired of, reſolv'd to break it in ſuch a manner as to leave no traces of it: With this Intent ſhe went to the Abbé's Lodgings,

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Lodgings, where having met with the Servant he trusted most, she bid him give her the Keys of his Master's Closet, telling him she wanted to write to him: The Fellow, without entring farther into her Design, and considering nothing but the Abbè's Passion for the Dutcheſs, immediately gave her what she ask'd for. She ſeeing her ſelf alone, broke open the Casket, where ſhe knew the Abbé kept his Letters, and not only took them all, but others too of the Prince of Condé, which ſhe had made a Sacrifice of to him, and went and burnt them at Madam *de Sourches's*. The Abbé at his return finding what havock had been made at his Lodgings, went to the Dutcheſs's, and began by threatening to cut off her Noſe; then he broke a Branch of Chryſtal, and a great Glaſs he had preſented her, and went away after calling her a thouſand Names

During all this Uproar, one of the Dutcheſs's Women, thinking the Abbé would take away whatever he had given her, ſeiz'd on a Box of her Miſtreſs's Jewels, and carried them to Madam *de Sourches's*, when the ſame Night the Dutcheſs ſent for them, in order to give them to a Devote, a Relation of her Mother's, to keep for her. The Abbé, who had

had Notice of it the next day, went to the Woman and took away the Casket by force. The Dutcheſs was raving mad at this Loſs, however ſhe did not loſe her Reaſon, but employ'd ſome Perſons to ſpeak to the Abbé, who had ſo much Influence over him as to make him reſtore the Casket, and upon this reſtitution they became as good Friends as ever; and this Reconciliation was ſo ſudden, that Madam *de Bouteville* coming the next day to condole with the Dutcheſs her Daughter upon the Accident that had befallen her, the Abbé was already with her, who hid himſelf in her Cloſet during this Viſit, from whence he heard the whole Comedy.

Some time after, the Dutcheſs grew tired of concealing the Abbé's Viſits, and believ'd that as their Quarrel had made ſome noiſe, their Reconciliation ought to be public alſo; ſhe made all her Friends preſs her, at the Abbé's ſollicitation, to vouchſafe him Pardon; and, in ſhort, having made a matter of Conſcience of it, the Mother-Superiour of the Convent of *Mercy*, a Woman ſubject to beatific Viſions, made them ſpeak to one-another, and embrace. This Interpoſition a little diſcredited the Reverend Mother with the Queen and the

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Cardinal; they could not think she had so intimate a Commerce with God, who suffer'd her self to be so easily impos'd on by men.

However, this Reconciliation lasted but six months; the Prince's return into *France*, who came nearer every day, made the Dutcheſs dread his finding her in the Abbé's power; and *Mad. de St. Chaumont* and *de Fouquieres*, her Cousins and intimate Friends, made her so aſham'd of it, that she broke with him under pretence of Devotion. It was very hard for the Abbé to consent to the Dutcheſs's Deſign, at another time he would not have done it, but ſeeing his Credit with the Cardinal grown low, and fearing the Prince of *Condé*, who hated him on other accounts, and *Boutteville*, who would be glad to revenge the Shame he had brought upon his Family, might have him murder'd ſhould he give the Dutcheſs the leaſt new Occaſion of Complaint, he forbore to ſee her, but not to love her.

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The Amorous
HISTORY
 OF THE
GAULS.



BOOK II.



AT this time Madam *d'Olonne* went,
 as I have said, to desire the Countess
de Fiesque to thank the Abbé
Fouquet from her for some pretended
 I 2 Obliv-

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Obligation, which in effect was nothing; but she design'd the Abbé should make some Reflections on the Compliment, and understand, that when one thanks Folks for so slender a matter, one has a Desire to have greater Obligations to them.

The same day that Madam *d'Olonne* saw the Countess she met with the Abbé at Madam *de Bonnelle's*, and there she made him her Compliment. The Abbé, who was glad of an Affair with Madam *d'Olonne*, in hopes it might cure the Passion he still had for Madam *de Châtillon*, answer'd her Civilities in the most obliging manner he was able: And the day after, the Countess having sent to speak with him, and telling him what Madam *d'Olonne* had desir'd her, I know more of it than you, Madam, said he, and receiv'd last Night, from her self, Marks of her Acknowledgment; but I would fain know one thing of you, added he, whether the Count *de Guiche* is not in love with Madam *d'Olonne*; for in that case I would avoid any Opportunity of being so; he has shewn so much regard to me on all occasions, that it would be ridiculous in me to deal unhandfomly by him. No, said the Countess, at least Madam *d'Olonne* and he have each separately told me,

me, they had no Thought of each other. If it be so, reply'd the Abbé, I entreat you, Madam, to tell Madam *d'Olonne* you have seen me, and that on what you told me from her, I appear'd so transported with Joy, to find how she receiv'd what I did for her, that you do not doubt but I shall fall most desperately in love with her: And upon this, Madam, ask her, I beg, what she would do in that Case. The Countess having promis'd him she would, the Abbé took his leave, and the next morning Madam *d'Olonne* having receiv'd a Billet from the Countess to that purpose, sent her this Answer.

BILLET.

YOU ask me what I would do were the Abbé Fouquet passionately in love with me: I am not so great a Fool as to tell you, but I like him still as well as I liked him yesterday. Adieu, la Chastillane.

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The Chevalier *de Grammont* being come to the Countess's the moment she had receiv'd this Billet, found her in Bed, and seeing a Paper thrust half under her Pillow, took it. The Countess asking for her Paper again, the Chevalier gave her back another very near the same size. The Countess was then so taken up with Company, that she did not perceive the Chevalier's Trick, who went away almost as soon as he had done it. When he saw what it was, we need not ask whether he was pleas'd to have in his hands any thing that might prejudice Madam *d'Olonne*, and vex the Count *de Guiche*. He remember'd he had been sacrific'd to *Marillac*, and the Uneasiness his Nephew had given him on the Countess's score, and was glad to have him tormented in his turn by the Abbé. The noise he made with this Letter had all the Effect he could wish; the Count *de Guiche* took the Alarm, and advis'd with *Vinevil*; 'twas resolv'd he should himself mention it to the Abbé, and in the mean time he writ Madam *d'Olonne* this Letter.

LET-

LETTER.

YOU throw me into Despair, Madam, but I love you too well to be transported against you: This way perhaps will affect you more than Reproaches. My Resentments however must fall somewhere, and I see no body has more justly deserv'd them than the Countess; it is certainly she that has put the Abbé Fouquet upon liking you; she is at her Wit's end to think I have left her. To bring me back, or to be reveng'd for my change, she has a mind to give me a Rival to drive me away, or to make me tired of loving you: I do not think she will succeed in either, Madam, yet am I no less oblig'd to her than if she had; so that she must expect me to have no longer any Regard for her, and that there is nothing in the World I would not do to be reveng'd of her.

Madam *d'Olonne*, who was not so sure of the Count *de Guiche*, but that she was apprehensive the Countess might get him away from her again, had a mind to embroil them beyond the possibility of a Reconciliation; and for that purpose she had no sooner receiv'd this Letter than she sent it to the Countess. She, enrag'd at the Count *de Guiche*, sent to *Vinevil* to come to her. I sent for you, said she, to tell you your Friend is both mad and impertinent, and I will have nothing more to do with him: Do but see the Letter he has just written Madam *d'Olonne*: He complains I put the Abbè *Fouquet* upon embarquing with his Mistress, and does not remember he told me he thought no more of her. I ask your Pardon for him, answer'd *Vinevil*, excuse a poor Lover, that because they would rob him of his Mistress, knows not what he does, nor whom to be angry with; as soon as I have brought him to himself, he shall come and throw himself at your Feet. After some other Discourse, *Vinevil* took his leave, and in an hour came back again with the Count *de Guiche*, who said so much to the Countess, that she promis'd to think no more of his Rudeness. The next day the Count, who was

resolv'd to speak to the Abbé, went to look for him; and taking him aside, Had we both begun at the same time to love Madam *d'Olonne*, said he, I should be ridiculous to think it strange for you to dispute her with me; nor should I do it, but would leave the Lady her self to decide by her Favours which of us was to be the fortunate Man; but why should you disturb me in an Affair I have been engag'd in long before you? Give me leave to say it is not fair, and to desire you to leave me at quiet with my Mistress, without giving me more pain than what proceeds from her Cruelty. I am Madam *d'Olonne's* Friend, answer'd the Abbé, and no more, so that you have no reason to complain of me; however, if I thought what you just now said to me had been put into your Head by People that have a mind to engage me in a Quarrel, I declare I would become your Rival from this very day: I know very well why I say so, and you may easily understand me. The Abbé meant *de Vardes*, his mortal Foe, and the Count's Friend. No, answer'd the Count, I do not understand you, but what I have to tell you, is, that Jealousie has put it into my Head to come and desire you to give me no more grounds for it.

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The Abbè having promis'd it him, they parted the best Friends in the World. Some time after, the Abbé meeting with Madam *d'Olonne* at a Visit, she took him aside to impart some Trifle or other to him as a Secret. The Abbé too being at a loss what to say to her, told her his *Eclaircissement* with the Count. I am glad, said she, to find you Gentlemen dispose of me as your Property; now then I am the Count *de Guiche's*, since you have declar'd to him that you lay no Claim to me. Ah Madam! answer'd the Abbé, I give you to no body, were it in my power to do it; as I love my self better than any body, I would keep you for my self; but upon the Count *de Guiche's* suspecting that I was in love with you, I told him I had no such Thoughts, and that between you and I, Madam, because I am dissident of my good Fortune; for ——— No, no, interrupted Madam *d'Olonne*, do not go on, Monsieur l'Abbé, to talk to me against your own Sentiments; you know very well you are not so unfortunate as you say. The Abbé seeing himself so hard press'd, could not help answering, She knew that better than he, that she being able to make the Fortune of Kings themselves, he thought his own made, if she
assur'd

assur'd him of it; and that, in short, the Promises he had made the Count should not prevent his loving her so soon as he could see any probability of having it return'd. This Conversation ended so obligingly on Madam *d'Olonne's* part, that the Abbè forgot he had lov'd Madam *de Châtillon*, so that he resolv'd to embark with Madam *d'Olonne*, tho' he had no Inclination for her. He thought that by indulging his Body in Pleasures he might disengage his Mind, the Interests of which are so closely interwoven. Indeed Madam *d'Olonne*, whose time was very precious, did not let the Abbè languish; but as their Intelligence could not last long without the Count's knowing of it, this latter went to her to make his Complaints. As he was at her Chamber-door, he heard a noise, which made him listen to know what it was: He heard Madam *d'Olonne's* Voice, who was saying a thousand tender things to some-body; his Curiosity encreasing, he look'd thro' the Key-hole, and saw his Mistress caressing her Husband with as much fondness as if it had been a Lover: This gave him no less Indignation than Contempt for her; he return'd abruptly to his Lodgings, where finding Pen and Ink, he writ *Vinevil* this.

LET-

L E T T E R

YOU know nothing of a new Lover of Madam d'Olonne's that I have discover'd; but, good God! what sort of one! a Lover well treated, a domestic Rival! There is no bearing any longer; it is d'Olonne, whom I just now surpriz'd in his Wife's Lap, receiving a thousand Caresses from the Perfidious: For, in short, my Dear, he is no Husband; he has all the Douceurs belonging to

* Je penserois n'être pas malheureux,
Si la Beauté, dont je suis amoureux,
Pouvoit enfin se tenir satisfaite
De mille Amans avec un Favori; *J*
Mais j'enrage que la Coquette
Aime encore jusqu'à son Mari.

* I should not reckon my self unhappy, if the Fair one, whom I love, could be contented with a thousand Lovers besides a Favourite: But I am mad to find the Coquette loves her very Husband.

to Lovers, he receives other Endearments than what Duty obliges her to, and he receives them in the Day-time, which has always been a time sacred to Lovers only.

The next day the Count *de Guiche* returning to Madam *d'Olonne's*, deferr'd the Reproaches he had to make her on her Husband's account to another Opportunity, and resolv'd at that juncture only to mention the Abbé *Fouquet*. Madam *d'Olonne*, who was all Consideration when she was to lose a Lover, not so much for fear of his Anger as of losing one of her number, told the Count he was Master of her Conduct, and might prescribe her what manner of Life he pleas'd: That if the Abbé gave any Jealousie, she would not only see him no more, but that he himself should, if he pleas'd, be a Witness how she would treat him. The Count, who never durst have ask'd so considerable a Sacrifice of her, took her at her word; the Appointment was made at *Graf's* for the next Day, where Madam *d'Olonne* being alone with the Count, and the Abbé, spoke thus to the latter, with whom she had concerted

certed measures the Night before: I have desir'd you, Monsieur l'Abbé, to meet us here, to tell you in the Count *de Guiche's* presence, that I neither love, nor can ever love any body but him: We were both willing you should know it, that you might not hereafter plead Ignorance; not, I must confess, that you have hitherto behav'd otherwise to me than as a Friend, but as you mean no harm, perhaps you took no notice that your Visits were a little too frequent, and you know that seldom pleases a Man so much in love as the Count, whatever Confidence he may have in his Mistress. As for me, I am resolv'd to think of nothing all my Life long but how to please him. I had a mind to make you this Declaration, that you might not undesignedly bring any troublesom Affairs upon your hands: Be my Friend, I shall be extremely glad of it, but the less we have to do with each other, the better. Yes, Madam, I promise it you, said the Abbé, I very much approve the Count's Sentiments, and have pass'd thro' all the degrees of Jealousie; this is not the first time he and I have talk'd over this matter: I know very well what I have promis'd him, and I assure him I have not acted contrary to it. It is true, interrupted

rupted the Count, I have nothing to lay to your charge; but the Lady has very well observ'd, that as you had no Design, perhaps you did not think you did any thing against your Promise, and Appearances only were against you. Well, said the Abbè, never let that make you uneasie, I give you my Word never to see this Lady designedly above once a month; for, as for Accidents, I cannot answer for them, but it is your business to take your measures accordingly. After a thousand Civilities on all sides, they parted.

It may be surprizing perhaps why the Abbè so impatiently bore being rival'd with the Dutchesse *de Châtillon*, and yet was so tractable with Madam *d'Olonne*; but the reason is, that in the first case there was Love, in the other, Debauch only; and that the Body can bear a Competitor, but the Heart never.

Some time after, *d'Olonne* having notice of his Wife's ill Conduct, resolv'd to send her into the Country, as well to prevent her committing any new Follies, as to stifle the Reports her presence every day receiv'd: In effect as soon as she was gone, she was no more remember'd, and a thousand other Copies of Madam

d'O

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d'Olonne, of which *Paris* is full, made this great Original be forgot.

There happen'd too an Affair, which tho' not of the nature of that of *Madam d'Olonne*, did however suppress those Reports for a time.

The Count *de Vivonne*, first Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the King, and for whom his Majesty had naturally an Inclination, being retir'd to a House he had near *Paris*, to pass the *Easter* Holidays with two of his Friends, the Abbè *le Camus* and *Maucini*, the latter the Cardinal's Nephew, the former one of the King's Almoners; and having there pass'd three or four days, if not in great Devotion, at least in very innocent Pleasures, the Count *de Guiche* and *Manicamp*, being tired of *Paris*, went to see him: As soon as the Abbè *le Camus* set Eyes on them, knowing how irregular they were, perswaded *Maucini* to go back to *Paris*, and that the next day they should publish to the World that strange things had pass'd amongst them; and as *Maucini* that very Evening mention'd their Intention of returning to Town, *Manicamp* and the Count *de Guiche* propos'd to *Vivonne* to send for *Bussy* to pass two or three days with them, telling him, that he would
very

very well supply the place of the other two. *Vivonne* agreeing, writ to *Buffy* in the name of them all,—that he was desir'd to quit for some time the hurry of the World, to come and apply himself with them to the Thoughts of Eternity with less Distraction.

Before we go farther, it is fit you should know what sort of People *Vivonne* and *Buffy* were.

The former had large blue Eyes standing pretty far out, the Balls of which being often half hid under the Lids, made him look languishing, contrary to his Intention: He had a well made Nose, small plump Lips, a good Complexion, fair flaxen Hair, and in great quantity: He was indeed a little too fat; he had a lively Wit, a fine Imagination, but was too intent upon being pleasant; he lov'd Equivocations and Punning; and, to be the more admir'd, he often made them at home, and told them as extemporary in Conversation: He enter'd into Friendship with People too soon, without any manner of Judgment, whether he found any Merit in them or not, and grew tir'd of them still sooner: What made his Inclination last a little the longer, was Flattery, but it was in vain to deserve Admiration, if one did not admire

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mire him, he would not much esteem one. — As he thought one sign of a good Understanding was to be nice in every thing, he never liked any thing he saw, and generally gave his Judgment of it without any Skill or Foundation : In short, he was so blinded with the Opinion of his own Merit, that he saw none in any one else ; and to use his own buffoon way of Speech, he had a great deal of Sufficiency and Insufficiency at once. He was bold in War, and timorous in Love ; yet, if you would believe him, he had ruin'd all the Women he had ever attempted, tho' in fact he had miscarried with some Ladies that had never refus'd any body before.

Roger de Rabutin Count de Buffy, Colonel of the Light-Horse, had large soft Eyes, a good Mouth, a large Nose inclining to the Roman, a high Forehead, an open Countenance, and a fortunate Look, with fair flowing bright Hair ; his Wit was delicate, strong, gay, and jovial ; he spoke well, and writ just and agreeably : He was naturally good-natured, but the Enemies his Merit had rais'd him had sharpen'd him, so that he readily diverted his Friends at the expence of those he did not care for : He was a sincere punctual Friend ; he was brave
with-

without Ostentation ; he lov'd his Pleasures more than Fortune, but his Glory more than his Pleasures ; he was gallant with the Ladies, and very well bred, and his Familiarity with those that were his best Friends amongst them, never made him lose that Respect he ow'd them : This manner of Behaviour made the World believe he had a Passion for them ; and it is certain there was a little in all his greatest Intimacies : He had serv'd well and long in the Wars, but as in his time to arrive at great Honours it was not enough to be well born, to have Wit, to have serv'd well, and to have Courage, with all these good Qualities he had stopt short in the midst of his Fortune, either because he could not be so base as to flatter those in whom *Mazarin*, the sovereign Dispenser of Favours, confided, or because he was not in a condition to force them from him by frightening him into it, as most of the *Marêchals* of his time had done.

Buffy then, upon the receipt of this Letter, immediately took Horse, and set forward towards them : He found his Friends very much dispos'd to be merry, and he who seldom disturb'd any Mirth, made their Joy entirely compleat. I am
very

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very glad, my good Friends, said he accosting them, to find you so wean'd from the World as you are, a particular measure of God's Grace is requisite towards working out one's Salvation; in the Confusion of Courts, Ambition, Envy, Scandal, Love, and a thousand other Passions, generally hurry People of the best Education to the commission of Errors, of which they are incapable in Retirements like this: Let us go to Heaven together, my Friends; and since to make our selves agreeable to God, it is not necessary either to weep or starve, let us laugh, my Dears, and indulge our selves. The Thought being generally approv'd, after Dinner they prepar'd for Hunting, and contriv'd to have a Consort of Instruments for the next day. After four or five hours Sport the Gentlemen return'd very hungry, and made the heartiest Meal in the World. Supper over, that had lasted three hours, with the Mirth that always attends a good Conscience, Horses were order'd out to take a turn in the Park: It was there these four Friends finding themselves at liberty, to encourage each other the better to despise the World, propos'd to curse the whole Race of Mankind; but a moment after a Thought came into *Buffy's* Head,

Head, that they ought to except their good Friends out of this general Proscription. This being approv'd of, each begg'd Quarter of the rest of the Company for what he lov'd ; which being granted, and the Signal given for the despising sublunary things, these good Souls began the following Hymn.

Que Deodatus est heureux, &c.

* One may judge, that having begun thus, every thing was compriz'd in this Hymn, except the Friends of these four Gentlemen ; but as the number of them was very small, the Hymn was long, and of such a length that, to omit nothing, it would have fill'd a Volume of it self. A part of the Night being spent in these Country Pleasures, it was resolv'd to take a little rest ; e'ery one then parted well satisfied to see the progress they began to make in Devotion. The next morning *Vivonne* and *Bussy* being up earlier than the others, went to *Manicamp's* Chamber ; but not finding him there, and imagining he was taking a walk in the Park, they went to the Count *de Guiche's* Room, with

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with whom they found him in Bed. You see, my dear Friends, said *Manicamp*, I endeavour to improve by what you said yesterday concerning the Contempt of the World; I have already gain'd upon my self so far as to despise one half of it, and I hope in a little time, except my particular Friends, I shall have no great Value for the other. One often arrives at the same End by different Ways, answer'd *Buffy*; as for me, I do not condemn your manner, every one is sav'd his own way, but I do not intend to go to Heaven by your Road. I am surpriz'd, said *Manicamp*, to hear you talk as you do, and that *Madam de Sevigny* has not given you enough of loving Women: But as to *Madam de Sevigny*, said *Vivonne*, I beg you would tell us why you broke with her, for 'tis talk'd of several ways; some say you was jealous of the Count *du Lude*, and others, that you sacrificed her to *Madam de Monglas*, and no body believ'd what you both said of it, that Interest was the reason of it. When I inform you, reply'd *Buffy*, that it is six Years since I lov'd *Madam de Monglas*, you will easily believe that Love had no part in the Rupture that happen'd last Year between
Madam

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Madam *de Sevigny* and my self. Ah, my Dear, interrupted *Vivonne*, how much oblig'd should we be if you would give your self the trouble of giving us a History of your Amours: But first tell us, if you please, what sort of a Woman Madam *de Sevigny* is, for I never found two of the same Opinion on this Subject. What you say is describing her in a few words, answer'd *Bussy*, the World is not agreed as to her Character, because she is unequal, and because one Person is never well with her long enough to observe the Changes of her Humour; but I that have known her from her Infancy, will give you a faithful account of her.



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THE
HISTORY
OF
Madam de Sevigny.

M Adam *de Sevigny*, continued he, has generally the finest Complexion in the World, small sparkling Eyes, a flat Mouth, but of a good colour, a high Forehead, a Nose like nothing but it self, neither long nor short, square at the end; the lower part of her Face like the tip of her Nose; and all this, which taken to pieces is not handsom, yet is agreeable enough all together: She has a fine Shape without having a good Air; her Leg is well made, her Neck, Hands, and arms ill shaped; her Hair is fair, very fine, and thick; she us'd to dance well, and

and still has a good Ear, and an agreeable Voice, and can sing a little. So much for her outside, which is very near what I have describ'd: No Woman has more Wit, and few so much; her Manner is pleasant, some say too trifling for a Woman of Quality. When I us'd to visit her, I then thought the Judgment of those People ridiculous: I excus'd her burlesque way by calling it Gaiety, but now having left off seeing her, I am no longer dazzled by her prodigious Vivacity. I agree that she aims at Pleasantry too much: If one has Wit, especially of the gay sort, one need only see her, nothing is lost with her, she understands you, she enters exactly into all you say to her, she sees thro' your meaning, and generally carries you much farther than you intended; sometimes she herself hears more than she expected, the heat of Mirth runs away with her, and then she with Joy receives whatever free thing one has a mind to say to her, provided it be wrapp'd up, she even returns it with Interest, and thinks it would be a Reflection upon her if she did not carry the matter farther than what was first said; with so much Fire, it is no wonder her Judgment is but indifferent, those

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two being for the most part incompatible, Nature cannot work a Miracle in her favour; a Fool that is brisk will with her always carry it from a Man of Sense that is serious: Gaiety prepossesses her, she will not give her self time to judge if what she says be understood: The greatest Proof of Wit any one can give her, is to admire her; she is fond of Incense, she loves to be lov'd, and to that end she sows as she may reap, she gives Praise that she may receive it; she loves Men in general, of whatever Age, Birth, Merit, or Profession they be, every one is agreeable to her, from the Royal Mantle to the Cassock, from the Sceptre to the Inkhorn. Amongst Men she prefers the Lover to the Friend; and amongst Lovers, the gay to the grave; the melancholy flatter her Vanity, the brisk her Inclination; she diverts her self with the latter, and flatters her self with the thought of her great Merit, in having been able to make the former languish

She is of a cold Constitution, at least if one may believe her late Husband, so that he was oblig'd to that for her Virtue, as he said; all her warmth is in her Imagination. Indeed she makes ample amends for the coldness of her Constitution; in

in regard to her Actions, I believe her Con-
jugal Fidelity was never violated; in re-
gard to the Intention, it is quite another
thing. To speak freely, I believe her
Husband escaped as to Man, but I hold
him a Cuckold before God; the Fair one,
who will make one in all Diversions, has
found a sure way, in her Opinion, to divert
her self without endangering her Repu-
tation: She has made an acquaintance
with four or five Prudes, with whom she
goes into all places: She does not so
much mind what she does, as what Com-
pany she keeps; by this Conduct she per-
swades her self that reputable Company
sets all her Actions right; but I verily
believe the happy moment, which seldom
is found but tête à tête with other Women,
might sooner be found with her in the
midst of her Family. Sometimes she open-
ly refuses a public Party of Pleasure to
to establish her self in the Eye of the
World for a Woman of great regularity;
and in a little while, believing that she
may pass free from Censure after so pub-
lic a Self-denial, she will make four or
five Parties of Pleasure in private.

She naturally loves Pleasures; two
things oblige her sometimes to deny her
self them, Policy and Inconstancy, and it

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is for one or other of these two Reasons that she goes to Church the day after an Assembly. With some Airs she from time to time gives her self in public, she fancies she prepossesses all the World, and imagines that by doing some good and some ill, all that People can say, is, that considering both; she is a Woman of Virtue. The Flatterers, of which her little Court is full, talk to her of it in quite another manner; they never fail to tell her, that Prudence cannot be better reconcil'd with the World, or Pleasure with Virtue: For a Woman of Wit and Quality, she suffers her self to be too much dazzled with the Splendour of a Court; that day the Queen has taken notice of her, and perhaps only ask'd her whom she came with, she is transported with Joy, and a great while after will find means to let those of whom she would gain Respect, know the obliging manner with which the Queen spoke to her.

One Night when the King had just danc'd with her, being seated again in her Place, which was by me, It must be acknowledg'd, said she, that the King has a great many fine Accomplishments, I believe he will eclipse the Glory of all
his

his Predecessors. I could not help laughing in her Face, seeing for what reason she prais'd him so, and answering, Doubtless, Madam, after what he has just done for you: She was then so pleas'd with His Majesty, that, to shew her Acknowledgment, I expected every moment she would have cry'd out, *God save the King.*

There are some whose Friendship is bounded by holy things only, and who would do every thing for their Friends but offend God; these are call'd Friends as far as the Altar: Madam *de Sevigny's* Friendship is otherwise bounded, this Fair is a Friend only as far as the Purse; there is not a pretty Woman in the World but she, that ever dishonour'd her self by Ingratitude, must certainly have very frightful Apprehensions of Want, since to avoid the Shadow of it, she is not afraid of Shame. They who would excuse her, say, she gives into the Opinion of those who know what Hunger is, and who still remember their Poverty. Whether she is indebted to others, or to her self for it, there is nothing so natural as what appears in her Oeconomy.

Madam *de Sevigny's* greatest Study is, to appear what she is not, since she has apply'd her self to this, she has already

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learnt to deceive those that have but a small knowledge of her; but as there are some who have more Interest in her than others, they have found her out, and have experienc'd unhappily for her, that all is not Gold that glitters.

Madam *de Sevigny* is unequal even to the Balls and Lids of her Eyes: Her Eyes are of two different colours, and they being the Mirrours of the Soul, these Inequalities are hints that Nature gives those that approach, to lay no great stress on her Friendship.

I know not whether it be because her Arms are not handsom, that she is not very choice of them, or whether she thinks it no Favour, the thing being so general; but, in short, take and kiss them who will, I fancy 'tis enough to perswade her there is no Harm in it, that she thinks there is no Pleasure in it. Nothing but Custom could keep her within bounds, but she does not stick at offending that rather than the Men, being sensible that they having given rise to Modes, whenever they please Decency will not be confin'd within bounds so streight.

This

This, my Dears, is the Description of
 • Madam *de Sevigny*: Her Fortune, which
 suited mine very well, because it was to
 be paid out of the Estate belonging to our
 Family, made my Father desirous I should
 marry her; but tho' I did not then know
 her so well as I do now, I did not give into
 my Father's Design; a certain heedless
 way of acting I observ'd in her made me
 afraid of the Match, and I thought her the
 prettiest Girl in the World to make a
 Wife for any-body else. This Consider-
 ation contributed greatly to my avoid-
 ing that alliance; but as she was married
 shortly after me, I fell in love with her,
 and my strongest Reason for making her
 my Mistress, was the same that hinder'd
 me from wishing to be her Husband.

As I was her near Relation, I visited
 her very frequently, and saw the Uneasi-
 ness her Husband gave her every day:
 She often complain'd to me of it, and
 begg'd me to shame him out of a thou-
 sand ridiculous Inclinations he had. I
 serv'd her in it for some time very suc-
 cessfully, but at last the Husband's Hu-
 mour getting the better of my Advice,
 I purposely set my self about falling in
 love with her, rather from the fitness of

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the conjuncture, than from the force of my own Inclination.

One day therefore that *Sevigny* had been telling me, that he had pass'd the last Night the most agreeably in the World, both for himself and the Lady with whom he had pass'd it; You may believe, added he, it was not with your Cousin, it was with *Ninon*. So much the worse for you, said I, my Cousin is worth a thousand of her, and I am sure if she were not your Wife, she would be your Mistress. That may be, answer'd he. I had no sooner left him than I went and told *Madam de Sevigny* the whole Story: He has great occasion to brag of it, said she, reddening with Anger. Do not let him see you know any thing of it, answer'd I, for you see the Consequence. I believe you are mad, reply'd she, to give me this Caution, or else you think I am so. You would be much more so, *Madam*, said I, if you be not even with him, than if you told him what I have said to you: Revenge your self, my dear Cousin, I will go your halves in it, for, in short, your Interests are as dear to me as my own. Not so fast Count, said she, I am not so angry as you imagine. The next day meeting with *Sevigny* at the Ring, he came into my Coach;

as

as soon as he was seated, — I fancy, said he, you told your Cousin what I said to you yesterday about *Ninon*, because she gave me a hint of it. I told her, Sir! reply'd I, I have not spoke a word of it to her; but as she has Wit, she says so much to me upon the Article of Jealousie, that she sometimes hits upon the Truth. *Sevigny* giving into so good a Reason, entertain'd me again upon the Subject of his good Fortune; and after mentioning a thousand Advantages there were in being in Love, concluded with telling me, he design'd to be so as long as he liv'd, and that he was then as much in love with *Ninon* as was possible; that he was going to pass that Night at *St. Cloud* with her and *Vassè*, who gave them an Entertainment, and whom they both made a Jest of. I again said to him what I had said a thousand times, That tho' his Wife was discreet, he might go so far as at last to tire her Patience; and, that some Man of Honour falling in love with her at the same time he was treating her ill, she might perhaps look for that Pleasure in Love and Revenge, which she could not have promis'd her self in Love alone. And upon this taking our leaves, I went home, and writ his Wife this Letter.

LET-

L E T T E R.

I Was not in the wrong yesterday, Madam, to mistrust your Imprudence; you have told your Husband what I said to you: You may easily know it is not for my own sake that I thus reproach you, for the worst that can befall me from it is, to lose his Friendship; but for you, Madam, a great deal more is to be fear'd: However, I have had the good luck to undeceive him; but still, Madam, he is so fully perswaded one cannot be a well-bred Man without being always in Love, that I despair of ever seeing you satisfied, if nothing but his Love will content you: But do not let that trouble you, Madam; as I have begun to serve you, I will not abandon you in the condition you are in: You know Jealousie has sometimes more power to retain a Heart than Beauty or Merit; I advise you, my fair Cousin, to give your Husband a little, and for that purpose

pose I offer you my self; in case you reform him by it, I love you well enough to resume my former Character of your Agent with him, and to sacrifice myself once more to make you happy; but if he is to escape you, love me, Madam, and I will help you to be reveng'd of him, by loving you all my life.

The Page, whom I gave this Letter to, being gone with it to Madam de Sevigny's, found her asleep, and as he was waiting till she waked, Sevigny came in from the Country; and he learning from my Page, whom I had not caution'd, not foreseeing the Husband would return so soon; learning, I say, that he had a Letter from me to his Wife, ask'd him for it, without suspecting any thing; and having read it upon the spot, told him he might return, and that it requir'd no Answer. You may imagine how I receiv'd him; I was going to kill him, seeing the Danger which he had expos'd my Cousin to, and did not sleep an hour that Night. Sevigny for his part did not pass it better than I, and the next Day, after making his Wife a thousand Reproaches, forbid her to see me: She sent me

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me word of it, and that with a little Patience every thing would one day be made easie.

Six months after this, *Sevigny* was kill'd in a Duel by the Chevalier d'*Albret*; his Wife appear'd inconsolable for his Death: The Reasons she had to hate him being known to all the World, her Grief was thought Grimace only. As for me, who was more intimate with her than other People, I did not defer saying agreeable things to her so long as they, and soon after I spoke to her of Love, but without Ceremony, and as if I had never done any thing else: She made me one of those Oraculous Answers that Women generally make at first, which my Passion, being not over-violent, interpreted as not very favourable, and yet perhaps it was; I know nothing of it. But if Madam *de Sevigny* had no Intention to love me, one could not have more Complaisance for her than I had on this occasion: However, as I was her nearest Relation on the side that is the most honourable, she made me a thousand Advances to engage me as her Friend, and I, who found in her a sort of Wit that diverted me, was not ill pleas'd to be upon that foot with her. I saw her almost every day, I writ to her, I spoke to her of Love
in

in jest, I quarrel'd with all my Relations to serve those she recommended to me with my Credit and my Fortune: In short, had she wanted all I am worth, I should have thought my self oblig'd to her for the Opportunity of serving her with it. As my Friendship was very like Love, Madam *de Sevigny* was well enough satisfied with it, so long as I did not love elsewhere; but Chance, as I shall shew you presently, having thrown me upon loving Madam *de Precy*, my Cousin abated of the Tenderneſs she us'd to shew me whilst she thought I lov'd nobody but her. From time to time we had little Jars, which were made up indeed, but left in my Heart, and I believe in hers too, Seeds of Division against the first Occasion either of us should meet with, and which besides were capable of exasperating the most indifferent matters. At last an Opportunity offering wherein I had occasion for Madam *de Sevigny*, and wherein without her assistance I was in danger of having my Fortune ruin'd, the Ungrateful forsook me, and did me, in point of Friendship, the greatest piece of Infidelity in the World.

This, Gentlemen, is the Reason I broke with her, and far from sacrificing her to Madam *de Monglas*, as is reported, she
whom

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whom I had then long lov'd prevented me from making my Resentments for such an Act of Ingratitude so public as it deserv'd.

Buffy breaking off here, What is all that Stuff, then said *Vivonne*, that they talk of about the Count *du Lude* and Madam *de Sevigny*? Was he ever well with her? Before I answer this, reply'd *Buffy*, you must know what sort of a Man the Count *du Lude* is.

He has a little ugly Face, a great deal of Hair, a good Shape; he was born to be very fat, but the fear of being incommoded and disagreeable has made him take such extraordinary pains to be lean, that at last he has gain'd his End; indeed his fine Shape has cost him some part of his Health, for he has spoilt his Stomach by the Dieting and Vinegar he has us'd: He sits a Horse well; he dances and fences well, is brave, and fought gallantly with *Vardes*, and they injur'd him to doubt his Valour; the foundation of that Calumny is, that all the Youth of his Rank being engag'd in the War, he contented himself with making one Campaign in the quality of a Volunteer, but that proceeded from his Sloth and love of Pleasure: In a word, he has Courage, but

but no Ambition; he is of a soft turn, he is agreeable with the Women, he has been always well treated by them, and does not love them long. The apparent Reasons of his good Fortune, besides the Character of being discrete, are his good Mien, and his great talents for Love; but what makes him succeed every where so surely, is, that he cries whenever he pleases, and that nothing persuades a Woman one loves her so much as Tears. Yet, whether he had been unfortunate in his Amours, or whether those that envy him will have it his fault that he has no Children, he does not much dishonour those he loves. *Madam de Sevigny* is one of those for whom he has had a Passion, but that being over just as the Fair one began to make him some return, the ill-timing of matters has sav'd her, they never could hit it; and as he has continued to see her ever since, tho' without any Inclination, People have not stuck to say that she lov'd him; and tho' it be not true, yet it is what's most probable. However, he has certainly been *Madam de Sevigny's* Foible, and the Man for whom she has had the greatest Inclination, whatever Jest she may be pleas'd to make of it.

This

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This puts me in mind of a Couplet in a Song she made, where she puts these words into the Mouth of Madam *de Sourdy*, who was with Child.

** On dit que vous avez tous deux
Ce qui rend un homme amoureux
J'entend un honnête homme
Et non pas comme celui que je sçay
Qui ne fait point le mal que j'ay.*

No body in the World has more Gaie-ty, more Fire, or a more agreeable Wit than she. *Menage* falling in love with her, and his Birth, Age, and Figure obliging him to conceal his Passion as much as he could, happen'd to be one day with her just as she was going out to buy some things: Her Maid not being ready to attend her, she bid *Menage* go into the Coach with her, and not fear any-body's talk-

* They say, that you have both the Qualifications that make a Man in Love; I mean a Man of Breeding, not such a one as I know who, who never gives the Distemper that I labour under.

talking of it: He in a jesting way, tho' really angry, answer'd her, That it was a great mortification to him to find she was not content with the Cruelty she had so long treated him with, but that she despis'd him too so far, as to believe the World could say no harm of them two. Get in, said she, get into the Coach; if you provoke me, I will come and make you a Visit. These words were scarce out of *Buffy's* Mouth when Word was brought Dinner was on the Table; they sat down, and having dined with their usual Gaiety, they went into the Park, where they were no sooner got, but they desir'd *Buffy* to give them the History of *Madam de Monglas*, and himself, which he consented to, and began thus.





THE
HISTORY

OF

Madam de Monglas, and of Buffy.



Five Years before the Quarrel happen'd between *Madam de Sevigny* and me, finding my self in the beginning of the Winter at *Paris*, and very intimate with *la Feuillade* and *Darcy*, we all three took it into our Heads to fall in love; and because we were unwilling to have our Affairs make us lose each other's Company, we cast our Eyes upon all the pret-

pretty Women there were, to see whether we could not find three that were as intimate as our selves, or that might be made so. We were not long e're we found what we wanted, Madam *de Monglas*, *de Precy*, and *de l'Isle* were all very intimate, and very beautiful; but as perhaps we might have found some difficulty to agree in our choice, and as the Merit of those Ladies were not so equal as to incline us to love them equally, we agreed to write their three Names on three Tickets, and put them into a Purse, and that each of us should take her whom the Lot should determine. Madam *de Monglas* fell to *la Feuillade*, Madam *de l'Isle* to *Darcy*, and Madam *de Precy* to my self. Fortune on this occasion plainly shew'd she was blind, for she did *la Feuillade* a Favour he knew not the worth of so well as I should have done, but I was oblig'd to be content with what she had ordain'd me; and as I had not seen Madam *de Monglas* more than five or six times, I imagin'd the Application I was going to make to Madam *de Precy* would wear out of my mind the first traces of a Passion.

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We then began our Addresses to our Mistresses; *la Feuillade* having for about a fortnight or three weeks discover'd his Passion to *Madam de Monglas* by his Assiduities, resolv'd at last to make her a Declaration of it. He at first had to deal with a Woman who, without shewing too much Severity, seem'd to him so naturally against all Engagements, that he had great reason to despair of succeeding with her, or at least of succeeding easily: However, he was not discourag'd, and in a little time found her more irresolute, and at last press'd her so hard, and appear'd so much in love, that she allow'd him to hope one day a Return.

But before we go farther, 'twill be proper to describe *Madam de Monglas* and *la Feuillade*.

Madam de Monglas has little, black, sparkling Eyes, an agreeable Mouth, a Nose a little turning up, fine white Teeth, her Complexion is too lively, her Features soft and delicate, and the turn of her Face agreeable; she has long, black, thick Hair; she is extremely gentile, and the Air she breathes is purer than what she draws in: She has the finest made Neck in the World, her Hands and Arms are round: She is neither large nor small,
but

but has a very easie Shape, and which will always be agreeable provided she can prevent her growing fat. Madam *de Monglas*'s Wit is lively and penetrating, even to excess, like her Complexion; she is surprizingly ready at speaking and writing, and the most naturally in the World. She is often absent in Conversation, and one can scarce say a thing of consequence enough to fix her attention: She sometimes desires you would tell her a piece of News, and when you have begun, she forgets her Curiosity, and her extreme Vivacity makes her interrupt you with something else.

Madam *de Monglas* loves Musick and Poetry; she is a tolerable Poet her self, and sings better than any Woman in *France* of her Quality; no body dances better; she is afraid of Solitude: She is a hearty Friend, so far as to take the Part of those she loves, even to the breach of good Manners, when she hears them abus'd, and even to give them all she had if they wanted it: She keeps their Secrets most religiously: She is perfect Mistress of the Art of Behaviour to all the World; she is obliging as far as becomes a Woman of Quality, and tho' she does not greatly care for disobliging any-body, her Civility has more in it of Pride than
of

of Flattery; this prevents her gaining Hearts so soon as many that are more insinuating, but when her Constancy is once known, we are much more strongly engaged to her.

La Fenillade is not altogether for a Man what *Madam de Monglas* is for a Woman, their Merit is different; yet he has a sort of false Brilliant, which may at first dazzle the inconsiderate, but is not sufficient to deceive People of reflection; his Eyes are blue and lively, his Mouth large, his Nose short, his Hair curling and upon the red, his Shape is well enough, his Knees knock a little; he has too much Fire, talks much, and always endeavours at Pleasantry, but does not always attain what he endeavours at, I mean with the well-bred; for, as to the vulgar and small Wits, with whom one need only keep one's Mouth continually open, either by talking or laughing, there he is admirable: He is fickle and hard-hearted even to Ingratitude; he is envious, and it is a most sensible Injury done him to be fortunate; he is vain and bullying, and at his coming into the World he so often told us he was brave, that it was a matter of Conscience to scruple it; yet it is now a matter of Conscience to believe it.

I told

I told you that Madam *de Monglas*, perswaded he had a violent Passion for her, allow'd him to believe he might one day be lov'd: Any but *la Feuillade* had made this the most agreeable Affair in the World, but what I have told you was his Humour, and he lov'd only by starts, he had enough of them to warm his Mistress, and too few to bring her to any Resolution. When I told the Fair one that he lov'd her much (for he had desir'd me before her to mention him in his absence) she laugh'd at me, and made me observe some particulars in his Conduct that destroy'd the good Offices I intended him: However, I excus'd him; and it being impossible for me to justify all his Behaviour, I clear'd his Intentions at least. *Darcy* and I were almost on the same terms with Mesdames *de Precy* and *de l'Isle*, that is, they wish'd we really lov'd them; but indeed we perform'd our Duty to them better than *la Feuillade* to Madam *de Monglas*.

In short, three months pass'd, during which the Fair found her self more engag'd by what I had told her in favour of *la Feuillade*, than by any proofs of Love he had given her. The Lover was to go to the Army, to serve at the head of a Regiment of Foot which he had: This

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Separ-

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Separation made her feel she had at the bottom more Tenderness for *la Feuillade* than she had thought till then; she let him see something of it, but tho' it was enough to make a Man of Sense happy, yet it could not shock the most rigid Virtue. *La Feuillade*, at parting, a thousand times protested he would love her all his life, tho' she should resolve never to return his Passion, and we both press'd her so hard for leave for him to write, that at last she consented.

Some time before this, perceiving that the Correspondence I held for my Friend with his Mistress had affected me too much in her Favour, by giving me a nearer Knowledge of her, and that my Attempts to love *Madam de Precy* had not cured me of my Passion for *Madam de Monglas*, I resolv'd not to see her so often, that I might not be constantly divided between Honour and Self-love. So long as *la Feuillade* was at *Paris*, his Mistress did not observe I saw her seldomer than usual; but as soon as he was gone she saw a change in my way of living with her, which made her uneasie, imagining that my retiring was a mark of *la Feuillade's* coolness, from whom she had heard nothing since he went. A few days after, having sent for me to
come

come to her, What have I done to you, Sir, said she, that I do not see you? Has your Friend any Share in your absence? No, Madam, said I, it relates only to my self. How! said she, have I given you any cause of Complaint? No, Madam, reply'd I, I can complain of none but Fortune. The Confusion I said this in, made her press me to explain my self: How! added she, will you make a Mystery of your Affairs to me, who discover my whole Heart to you? Oh! how pressing you are! answer'd I, is it prudent to force a Friend's Secret from him? and, ought you not to believe I should not tell you mine, since I do not tell you it on the terms we are together? Or rather ought you not to guess it, Madam, since ——— Ah! go no farther, interrupted she, I am afraid to hear you, I am afraid of some Occasion of being provok'd, and of losing the Esteem I have for you. No, no, Madam, said I, fear nothing, I am indeed in a condition you may be unwilling to hear of, however I do my Duty: But since we are gone so far, I will tell you the rest. As soon as I saw you, Madam, I thought you very agreeable, and every time that I saw you after, you seem'd to me handsomer than the last: I was not however as yet sensible

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of any thing in those beginnings of my Passion strong enough to oblige me to make my Addresses to you, but I was very much pleas'd at meeting with you. The first thing that made me perceive I lov'd you, Madam, was the Uneasiness your Absence gave me; and just as I was abandoning my self to my Passion, and contriving means to let you know it, *Darcy, la Feuillade*, and I drew Lots with which of you, *Madam de Precy*, and *Madam de l'Isle*, each of us should engage. Tho' what I felt for you in my Heart, Madam, was then but weak, I had not trusted an Affair of this consequence to Chance, had I not till then been fortunate; but here my Luck chang'd, for you fell to *la Feuillade*, and had I been unfortunate all the rest of my Life, I had been a gainer had I not been unsuccessful then. All my Comfort was, as I said, that the Attachment I was going to have for *Madam de Precy*, whom I had formerly lov'd, would tear from my Heart what I found arising there for you, but in vain, Madam. You easily imagine, that the Commerce which my Friend's Interest oblig'd me to have with you, giving me an Opportunity of knowing you more particularly, and of observing in you admirable Principles for Love, I could not get rid of a
Passion

Passion your Beauty alone had rais'd.
When *la-Feuillade* desir'd me to serve him,
I found something beyond that Joy one
generally feels in serving a Friend, and
soon after perceiv'd, that without inten-
ding to deceive him, I was ravish'd with
being employ'd in his Affairs, for the Plea-
sure of having a nearer view of you; but
reflecting, that it might in the end give
me the most cruel Torment, this, Ma-
dam, made me see you seldomer; and
tho' you did not mind it till after *la-
Feuillade* went, 'tis now more than a fort-
night since I have retrench'd my Visits:
Not but that you must have observ'd hi-
therto that I have serv'd my Friend as
if it had been my self; I have sometimes
justified him when he was evidently cul-
pable, and when I could, if I had but a
mind to it, have ruin'd him with you,
and not have appear'd treacherous my
self, leaving him to your Resentments
against him for a thousand Faults you
thought he had committed contrary to
the Love he had pretended to you; but
I confess, my Duty costs me too dear,
when I do see you, not to endeavour to
spare my self the Struggles I must have
when I am with you, by seeing you no
more. To conclude, Madam, I had ne-

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ver told you the Reasons for my retiring, had you never enquir'd into them. Nothing can be handsomer, Sir, reply'd Madam *de Monglas*, than what you are now doing, but you must go through with the performance of your Duty; you should have sent your Friend notice how every thing is, that he may not be surpriz'd when he shall hear, perhaps from other hands, that you visit me no longer, and that he may not in vain expect your good Offices with me. And thereupon Madam *de Monglas* calling for Pen and Ink, I writ this Letter.

LET-

LETTER

From Bussy to la Feuillade.

SINCE by the Conduct I observe, the Passion I have for your Mistress injures neither my Honour nor the Friendship I owe you, I need not be ashamed to inform you of it; nay, on the contrary, I should dishonour myself by concealing it. Know then, that I have not been long able to see Madam de Monglas without loving her, which as soon as I perceiv'd, I forbore to visit her; and that she sending for me to day, to know of me what could be the reason of so sudden a Retreat, I have told her I loved her, but, that I might not offend against my Duty, I would see her no more. I thought my self oblig'd to give you notice of it, that you may take other measures with her, and that you may see by the Misfortune that has befallen me

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of being your Rival, that I am unworthy neither of your Friendship nor your Esteem.

Having read over this Letter to Madam de Monglas, Well, Madam, said I, is this way of proceeding ingenuous? Ah Sir! reply'd she, nothing can be so handsom; yet, tho' I believe you have the most generous Soul in the World, it will be very hard for you, thus engaging in your Friend's Affairs, finding a thousand Reasons to do each other ill Offices, and imagining you may gain by our Jars, to resist, whilst you are in love with me, the Temptation of embroiling us together; and as you have Wit, it would not be very difficult to bring it about, that one or other should seem to blame, and to throw on one of us two, or on Chance, the Misfortune of which you alone might be the occasion. Tho' your Friend should cease to love me from his own Inconstancy, after what I know of you, I should always think, should you meddle in our Affairs, that it might be by your Artifices. You are much in the right then,
Sir,

Sir, to see me no more ; and tho' I lose vastly by it, I must applaud the Action. After some other Talk on this matter, I took my leave, to send the Letter I had written to *la Feuillade*, and ten days after I receiv'd the following Answer.

LETTER

From *la Feuillade* to *Bussy*.

YOU have done your Duty, my Dear, and I will do mine : I have more Confidence in you than you have your self, I therefore would have you contrive to visit *Madam de Monglas*, and serve me with her. Where a Man is so delicate in point of Interest as you seem to me, it is impossible he should be treacherous to his Friends ; but should *Madam de Monglas's* Merit blind you so far, as to be no longer capable of retiring, I should willingly

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excuse you, from the necessity there is of loving her, when one is perfectly acquainted with her.

In this came enclos'd another for Madam de Monglas, which follows.

LETTER

From la Feuillade to Madam
de Monglas.

I Am not surpriz'd, Madam, to hear that my Friend loves you; I should be much more surpriz'd to find a Man of Sense, who sees you, and converses with you every day, preserve his Heart against so much Merit. He tells me, he intends to see you no more, for fear of yielding to the Inclination he has for you; but I desire him not to leave you, on the Assurance I have that he will have more Strength than he thinks, and
that

that even tho' he should not have the power to resist, you would not give your Heart to a Traytor, after refusing it to the faithfullest of Lovers.

As soon as I had receiv'd these two Letters, I went and carried them to Madam de Monglas; but, that I might not prejudice my Friend, whose Mistress had a great deal of Delicacy, I scratch'd out all the end of the Letter he had sent me, from the place where he tells me, that tho' the Merit of Madam de Monglas should have so far blinded me, as not to be able to retire, he would forgive me from the necessity there was of loving her, when one was well acquainted with her. I was afraid she might think as I did, that that passage was very gallant, but far from tender. Right, answer'd the Count de Guiche, and not only that passage, but the two Letters are, in my Opinion, well written, but indifferent. The sequel, reply'd Buffy, will not undeceive you.

You are to know then, continued he, that Madam de Monglas seeing the rasure, ask'd

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ask'd me what it was ; I told her that *la Feuillade* mention'd an Affair of consequence relating to me. Since he desires, said she, you would continue to see me, I consent to it ; but, Sir, it is conditionally that you shall never mention the Sentiments you have for me. I will obey you, since you will have it so, answer'd I ; not but that I might mention them without giving you just grounds of Suspicion, for tho' I love you above my own Life, yet if you were to despise my Friend's Love as an Acknowledgment for mine, I should not only cease to esteem you, but to love you too : It is not only for the sake of your Beauty, but it is also because you are not a Coquet, that I love you. I believe so, Sir, said she ; but since you neither desire nor pretend to any thing, give over loving me ; for what is a Passion without Desires and Hopes ? I pretend to nothing, said I, yet I desire and hope. And what could you desire ? reply'd she. I wish, answer'd I, that *la Feuillade* would not love you, and that this were indifferent to you. And allowing that could be, reply'd she, should you think your self the happier for it ? I cannot tell that, said I, but at least I should be nearer it
than

than I am ; and immediately I made this Couplet upon it.

* *Si vous aimer seulement*

Est un assez grand tourment,

Vous pouvez juger du mal,

Que l'on a quand il faut être

Confident de son rival.

What was some small Consolation to me under the Torments which the Prospect of a Love without Hopes gave me, was, that I expected every day to be made Colonel of the Light-Horse ; and that, that Post obliging me soon to be with the Army, Honour would cure me of an unfortunate Passion.

A few

* If to love you only be Torment enough, you may easily judge of the Pain one must suffer by being Confidant to one's Rival.

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A few days before I set out, I had a mind to allay the Uneasiness which the Violence I did my self by constraining my Passion gave me, and to that end I gave Madam *de Sevigny* an Entertainment so handson, and so extraordinary, that I make no doubt you will be pleas'd with a Description of it.

First imagine in the Garden belonging to the Temple, which you very well know, a Wood divided by two Walks; at the place where they meet there was a large Circle of Trees, from the Branches of which were hung a hundred Chrystal Chandeliers; on one of the sides of this Circle was rais'd a magnificent Theatre whose Decorations well deserv'd to be illuminated as they were, and the glare of a thousand Wax-candles, which the Leaves of the Trees prevented spreading too far, made it so bright in that place, that the Sun could not have made it lighter; and indeed for the same reason all about it was so dark, that the Eye was of no use; it was the calmest Night in the World: First there was a Comedy, which was thought very diverting; after this came four Violins, which after several Ritornels, play'd Brawls,
Cou-

Courants, and Country Dances. The Company was not so large as well chosen; some danc'd, others were Spectators, and others, whose Affairs were in a more forward condition, walk'd with their Mistresses, where they might touch without seeing one another: This lasted till Day, and as if Heaven had acted in concert with me, the Morning appear'd just as the Candles went out. This Entertainment succeeded so well, that Particulars of it were sent every where, and to this day it is talk'd of with admiration. Some thought that Madam *de Sevigny* was upon this occasion no more than a Blind to Madam *de Precy*, but indeed, I design'd the Entertainment for Madam *de Monglas*, without daring to tell her so; and I believe she suspected it, without letting me know it. However I gallanted it with her in public; I said a few soft things to her in jest, and I made her this Couplet to a Saraband, which you must have heard of to be sure.

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** De tous côtez,*

On vous desire,

Mais quand vos yeux ôtent les libertez,

On veut aussi que votre ame soupire.

Sur vôtre cœur j'ai faite une entreprise,

Et ma franchise.

Ne tient à rien;

Mais j'ai bien peur, adorable Belise,

Que votre cœur soit plus dur que le mien.

** On all sides you are sigh'd for ; but while your Eyes rob us of our Liberty, one would have you sigh too. I have made an Attempt on your Heart and my Sincerity is of no service; but I greatly fear, lovely Belise, your Heart is harder than mine.*

You

You easily imagine, that having these Sentiments for *Madam de Monglas*, my Applications for *Madam de Precy* were not very warm; however, I liv'd with her the best in the World, and the little Ardour I had agreed mighty well with her Indifference: But as soon as she began to suspect I lov'd *Madam de Monglas*, her warmth for me reviv'd, and she was piqued when she saw mine did not do so for her. This gave me occasion to admire the Caprice of Women; they are uneasy at losing a Lover they do not design to love; but, after all, *Madam de Precy's* Behaviour was not so surprizing as *Madam de l'Isle's*; I had talk'd Love to the former, and it was not very strange for her to think her self concern'd; but for *Madam de l'Isle*, to whom I had never shewn more than Friendship, I cannot be enough surpriz'd at the manner I am going to tell you of her Behaviour.

As soon as she suspected my Passion for *Madam de Monglas*, there is no Art she did not use to be satisfied of it: Sometimes she told me in jest, that I was in love with her; sometimes she spoke well of her to me; and because I was afraid she intended by that to find out my real Sentiments

timents for her, I was very sparing of my Commendations; at other times she spoke ill of her, and I (who was glad to let Madam *de Monglas* know that she was deceiv'd in expecting any Friendship from Madam *de l'Isle*, having caught her betraying Madam *de Monglas* on a thousand Occasions) let her go on, and gave her a very favourable hearing, that she might believe I was pleas'd with it: At last, one Evening, being no longer able to bear the Liberty she took of railing against her, I told Madam *de Monglas* of it, which occasion'd a Rupture between them, and gave that Fair one, ever after, all the reason in the World to believe I really lov'd her.

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